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The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

CLINICAL PROCEDURES

The Reagan Administration proposed new guidelines on August 29 that would limit the ability of federally funded family planning clinics to counsel women if they become pregnant. Under the rules, which could become law after sixty days, the staff of those facilities may not give a woman the name of a doctor who will perform an abortion even if she asks for it.

For many poor women, family planning clinics are the point of entry into the health system. Preventing clinics from ministering to pregnant clients not only pressures the women into having children they may not want, it also deprives them of much-needed health services. Those range from screening for high blood pressure and diabetes to informing women who test positive for the HIV virus that their children might be born with AIDS. The rules also enforce an economic double standard, preventing the poor women who use clinics from receiving help in terminating an unwanted pregnancy while those who can afford a private doctor may continue to have legal abortions.

President Reagan previewed the new policy at a White House meeting with antiabortion activists. It looks like a desperate effort by an Administration that has utterly failed to achieve its social agenda to placate the disgruntled right wing as the presidential season draws near. The guidelines can also be seen as this summer's Grenada. The White House may not be able to impose its will on Congress or the Sandinistas, but it can still defeat the poor.

Family planning and pro-choice groups will mount a legal challenge to the new rules. It is chilling to realize that the case could eventually come before the Rehnquist Court, possibly with Robert Bork on the bench. All the more reason to renew our commitment to reproductive freedom and our opposition to Bork's confirmation.

LEANING ON ARIAS
Martha Honey Tony Avirgan

JAPAN-U.S. CULTURE GAP
John W. Dower

REPRODUCTIVE RIGHTS
Linda Gordon

FREDA KIRCHWEY
Elaine Showalter

RED GROOMS
Arthur C. Danto

GREEK WEEK
Thomas M. Disch

LETTER FROM HAITI

THE PRIEST WHO FIGHTS THE REGIME

AMY WILENTZ

Port-au-Prince

It is still the rainy season in Haiti, and with the sporadic but vengeful rains, and then the mud, and then the dust that hides everything, it has been difficult to get around, and even harder than usual to find out what is happening across town, much less outside the capital. "It's the rain," officials tell you when telephone communications are cut the minute unrest breaks out. "It's the rain," when the electricity goes off just as night falls and the army starts shooting. But rain cannot explain away the recent massacre of hundreds of peasants nor the beatings and arrests of people in the parish of Haiti's most outspoken bishop, nor the ham-handed attempt to silence the country's best-known and best-loved progressive priest.

The priest, Father Jean-Bertrand Aristide, was one of the first to have his telephone service interrupted last month. His small church lies at the crossroads where La Saline, a neglected sprawl of shantytown, meets a massive army transport station and the military airport. The timing of the phone breakdown couldn't have been better: The youths of Aristide's parish were then organizing several of the largest peaceful demonstrations that have taken place against the ruling military junta.

Today the ongoing crisis between the government and the people has come to center on this one frail young man. Aristide is only the most visible of a growing number of priests at the head of the progressive movement within the Haitian Catholic Church, a movement that has gathered force since Jean-Claude Duvalier fell in

(*Continued on Page 234*)

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LETTERS.

WILL THE REAL BORK PLEASE . . . ?

Chicago

The concerted efforts in the press to repaint Supreme Court nominee Robert Bork as a closet liberal in order to make him acceptable to centrists in the Senate has all the cogency of Rear Adm. John Poindexter's testimony before the Iran/*contra* House and Senate select committees. To make Bork over in the image of a Lewis Powell, a Robert Jackson or a Felix Frankfurter, as many would seek to do, rather than place him in the tradition of a George Sutherland, James McReynolds or William Rehnquist, is to give the lie to Bork's public extrajudicial professions of belief. It means, moreover, either a betrayal of the hard-core Reagan/Meese supporters to whom wholesale constitutional revision has been pledged, or that these press portrayals are a ploy of "deniability," once called "cover-up." In either case, it is an assault on Bork's integrity.

Perhaps publicists must be free to make misrepresentations to the citizenry. Truth has long been a discounted value under the Supreme Court's First Amendment jurisprudence. The Department of Justice and the White House staff, however, are not entitled to tell contradictory tales to different senators to win their votes. Bork is either the moderate, restrained, New Deal-type jurist that he is depicted as by some of his advocates in the press, or he is the Meesian, "original intent," constitutional revisionist he has shown himself to be in his talks to the Federalist Society and other forums throughout the country. In either case, the Senate is entitled to have the real Robert Bork presented to it for its advice and consent on the nomination.

Philip B. Kurland
University of Chicago Law School

RONNIE AND THE AYATOLLAHS

Chicago

In their "A Guide to Iran/*Contra* Theories" [Aug. 1/8], David Corn and Jefferson Morley ask two questions about a hypothesis put forward by Barbara Honegger and me in *In These Times*, by Christopher Hitchens in *The Nation* and, backhandedly, by Flora Lewis in *The New York Times*: that candidate Reagan asked Iran in 1980 to keep the fifty-two Americans hostage until after he was elected.

If Israel had sold arms to Iran in 1981, at the request of the United States, why did a new channel have to be created for the 1985 hostage deal? No new channel had to be created. There were, in fact, continuous sales of American-made weaponry to Iran throughout the 1980s, both from Israel and from plausibly deniable "private" American sources. It was only the timidity or complicity of the Tower commission, the Iran-*contra* committees and the establishment press that allowed the fiction to be created that the 1985 shipments were anything new.

"How could Reagan threaten Iran with war or prosecute an Israeli spy if those nations could destroy his Presidency with a single leak?" Corn and Morley ask. My co-author, Barbara Honegger, believes that Iran was indeed blackmailing the United States for future arms sales. And *In These Times*'s Richard Ryan reported on February 11 that Israel's Mossad, not Iran, leaked the story of the arms-for-hostages deal in retaliation for, among other things, the arrest of Jonathan Pollard for spying.

But the real answer is probably that Ronald Reagan knew he was safe. Israel made no secret of its arms sales to Iran; Ariel Sharon, for example, stated publicly that those sales had U.S. approval. Yet this was no scandal, because it didn't fit with what the press and the Democrats wanted to believe about this "antiterrorist" Administration. And allegations of a 1980 keep-the-hostages deal will surely blow over as well; nobody wants to think that our President could do anything that terrible.

Jim Naureckas

CORN AND MORLEY REPLY

Washington

It was not the "fictions" of the Tower commission, Iran/*contra* committees or the mainstream press that prompted our questions about the 1980 "October surprise" theory. Why did North and Co. have to create a channel in 1985 and 1986 to deal with Iran if one had already been designed in a pre-election covenant? If one reads the hundreds of pages of documents released by the Congressional committees concerning the secret hostage negotiations—internal National Security Council memorandums, transcripts of bargaining sessions, PROF computer messages—one does not see any indication that Reagan officials were familiar with previous U.S.-Iran contacts. In fact, the image presented is one of an Administration stumbling toward a seemingly new channel. This doesn't disprove the October surprise theory, but it is a dog that didn't bark and therefore worth noting.

As for the question of blackmail by the Ayatollah, Naureckas suggests that Khomeini did threaten Reagan with exposure unless he sent more arms. Where's the proof? Again, the above-mentioned record offers no confirmation. And Khomeini could still hurt Reagan now by leaking the details of a pre-1980 election deal. The fact that he hasn't is another dog that didn't bark.

And as for Richard Ryan's article, it seemed to be in the same vein as the stories regarding the October surprise: Here are some interesting facts and an intriguing theory that knits them together. But convincing proof is missing. For example, one of his premises is that the United States and Israel competed for control over arms sales to Iran. Once again, the documents do not reflect that. If Ryan is right, that still does not answer our concern, for his claim is that the Israelis leaked the story of the 1985-86 Iran initiative, not any secret 1980 Reagan-Khomeini deal.

By all means the October surprise thesis should not be dismissed. But let's not confuse promising theory with proven fact.

David Corn
Jefferson Morley

A FIGHTER FOR PEACE

New York City

It is a testament to Simha Flapan's life and a tribute to his work as the longtime editor of *New Outlook* magazine that his recent death has been mourned by Jews, Christians and Moslems; by Israelis, Palestinians and Arabs; by Europeans and Americans. He was a great fighter in the struggle for peace in the Middle East.

The highest tribute we can pay Flapan is to keep up his struggle, to continue working toward his cherished goal of an "abundance of well-being and happiness" for "all the peoples of the Middle East." Flapan would have agreed with the labor organizer Joe Hill, who said, "Don't mourn for me. Organize."

It is in the spirit of rededicating ourselves to Flapan's vision that I ask you to contribute to the Simha Flapan Memorial Fund. Help us continue his work. Flapan's widow, Sarah, has a dream of a room in Israel where Jews and Arabs can come together to study and reflect. We hope the Simha Flapan Memorial Fund will enable us to fulfill that dream and do more to foster the dialogue between Jews and Arabs that was at the core of Flapan's life and work. (If there are sufficient funds, Sarah Flapan and *New Outlook*'s board of directors will decide what projects in addition to the study room would best honor Simha's memory.)

Please contribute what you can. Tax-deductible checks may be made out to the Friends of New Outlook-Simha Flapan Memorial Fund and sent to 150 Fifth Avenue, Suite 911, New York, NY 10011.

Chaim Shur
Editor in Chief
New Outlook

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so please bear with us.

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EDITORIALS.

Chiller in Manila

Corazon Aquino presides over an unfinished revolution that she is unable to continue or control. It is an immensely complex and long-running struggle for Filipinos' self-identification against Spanish, American and Japanese domination, and for social equity and justice against local warlords, landlords and tyrants. In the winter of 1985 the hundreds of contending forces that vie for power in the Philippines aligned in an unpredicted political syzygy and Aquino slipped into the presidency. She has lasted longer in that office than most people thought likely at the time of her accession, but she remains an accidental President, a figure of transition rather than one of transformation.

The fifth and most serious attempt to overthrow the Aquino government, still simmering last week after the initial attack had been repulsed, demonstrated by paradox the limits of Aquino's presidential project. Like the two failed coups that preceded it, the putsch came on the heels of a major expression of "people power" that implicitly threatened the position of the military and the hold of the landowning class. This time it was a transport strike that was

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joined by so many government employees and other workers that much of the country was virtually paralyzed. Last November, the military moved after the population rallied in response to the murder of a popular labor leader, Rolando Olalia. In January, there was an attempted coup after Aquino's soldiers massacred a score of farmers marching toward Malacanang Palace to present their demands for land reform.

People power elevated Aquino, but she has increasingly isolated her administration from the basic demands of the masses who danced and fought for her in the streets. The constitutional structures she fashioned to replace the dictatorship of Ferdinand Marcos turned out to be a democratic shell without an imperative for economic reform. Her government has compromised meaningful land reform out of existence, and it has offered no coherent plan for economic development, debt repayment or resource redistribution. Its major concern after the August coup was that foreign investment would be frightened away, for no other path to economic improvement has been charted.

Even the well-laid plans for democratization have gone awry. The politicization of the Philippine military, which Marcos achieved with U.S. support, remains a lasting legacy to his ruined country and a bulwark against reform. After a few feeble swipes at the military, Aquino decided instead on a policy of accommodation: the old strategy of feeding the monster that cannot be subdued. In recent months she has given army units a free hand against the organized opposition in remote rural areas, complete with death squads and torture tactics, and there are alarming reports that the reign of terror there is as bad as it ever was under Marcos.

She has also stepped up the military's rations, ordering new U.S. helicopters, with more war toys on the way. Much of the armed forces seems, at least momentarily, placated. But for some elements, too much is never enough. The middle-rank officers and their troops who mutinied last month saw an opportunity to seize power for themselves and to silence the opposition at a time when Aquino is increasingly cut off from her popular base. The mutineers might well have been encouraged by elements of the old American covert-action gang of Iran/*contra* days. Philippine Senator Raul Manglapus, a reformer who once ran against Marcos and was sent into exile after martial law was imposed, believes that retired U.S. Army Gen. John Singlaub has extended his World Anti-Communist League crusade to include President Aquino and is behind the recent attempted coup. Aquino is an unlikely Comsymp, but a stalled revolution creates a political vacuum which militant parties fight to fill, and the soldiers of fortune are likely to seize more opportunities as they arise, before people power finds its next victory.

COMING UP

The Case Against Robert Bork
Herman Schwartz

Bork v. The First Amendment
Jamie Kalven

Leaning on Arias

San José, Costa Rica

President Oscar Arias Sánchez's efforts to find a peaceful solution to the conflicts of Central America and his refusal to allow the Nicaraguan *contras* to operate out of his country have provoked strong economic and political retaliatory measures by the Reagan Administration. While publicly praising Costa Rica's long-standing good relations with the United States, privately Costa Rican officials tick off a growing list of hostile actions by Washington. These include: the suspension of all U.S. economic assistance to Costa Rica; the delay in appointing a new ambassador; a campaign to force the resignation of a liberal Arias adviser; and maneuvers to block international bank loans to Costa Rica and cut the country's exports to the United States.

"The [U.S.] Administration is very angry with Oscar, and Reagan will continue to be very tough," said one of Arias's top advisers. He and others interviewed conceded that the United States wields enormous political and economic power in Costa Rica, and Arias "has very few cards to play" in return.

No U.S.-appropriated funds have been disbursed to Costa Rica during the past six months. An embassy official puts the amount withheld at $85 million, while Costa Rican and U.S. Congressional officials say the total is $140 million.

During the previous administration, that of Luis Alberto Monge, who quietly collaborated with the United States and the *contras*, U.S. aid soared to more than $200 million annually. "Costa Rica has not received a penny [of U.S. aid] since almost the beginning of the peace plan effort. That, of course, is purely coincidental," one Arias insider remarked sarcastically.

In addition, the Reagan Administration has recently slapped unusually strict bans and restrictions on flowers, clothing and some other Costa Rican exports to the United States, thus hurting foreign exchange earnings. Further, the U.S. government last month refused, for the first time, to intervene with American commercial banks on Costa Rica's behalf. The banks rejected an Arias proposal for rescheduling Costa Rica's foreign debt. The failure to reach agreement with the banks has made Costa Rica ineligible for further bank loans and held up agreements with the International Monetary Fund, the World Bank and European donor countries.

U.S. Embassy officials deny that any of those economic measures are politically motivated. However, former Ambassador to Costa Rica Francis McNeil told a House foreign affairs subcommittee in July, "It is impossible to avoid the suspicion that Costa Rica's 'less favored nation treatment' is a form of revenge for having the temerity to disagree with us

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about the *contras*." An economic adviser to the Costa Rican government put it more bluntly: "They want our economy to get out of hand."

Costa Rican officials say they are surprised at the pettiness and viciousness of the Reagan Administration's attack on President Arias. They believe that White House pressure led to the forced resignation last month of one of Arias's top advisers, John Biehl. Biehl, a Chilean who had been working for the United Nations Development Program, was assigned to advise the Costa Rican President's office on economic policy. A close friend of Arias since they were college classmates, Biehl had advised the President on political matters as well, and he played a key role in formulating the Arias peace plan. U.S. pressure for his resignation is said to have begun in June after he accompanied the Costa Rican leader to a tense White House meeting with Reagan, Bush and other top officials, during which Arias aggressively defended his peace proposal.

An Arias aide commented pessimistically, "The Reagan Administration is blind, obsessed with Nicaragua. But they are not going to succeed in overthrowing the Sandinistas. In the end they are going to destroy Costa Rican democracy instead." MARTHA HONEY AND TONY AVIRGAN

Martha Honey is a freelance journalist who reports for The Times *and* The Sunday Times *of London, the BBC and other television networks. Tony Avirgan is a freelance cameraman for CBS and reports for the BBC and National Public Radio.*

South Africa Link

As the Iran-*contra* hearings faded from sight, the Congressional select committees dropped a bomblet: The Central Intelligence Agency had solicited aid for the *contras* from South Africa. The behind-closed-doors testimony of Duane (Dewey) Clarridge, who used to be chief of covert operations for the agency's Latin America division, and C.I.A. cable traffic led several committee members to conclude that such a request had been made in 1984, though Clarridge tried to deny it. Clarridge's testimony, released to the press two weeks after his August 4 appearance, earned a spot on the front pages of the major newspapers, but the larger story was missed: Asking Pretoria to assist the *contras* was part of a broader policy of U.S.-South African cooperation in Latin America. For that, Clarridge supplied evidence.

During his testimony, the C.I.A. man was asked by Representative Louis Stokes to describe what had prompted a trip he made to South Africa in 1984. Clarridge noted that there were three purposes. One was related to what the cables called the "Nicaraguan Project"—presumably *contra* aid. The other two reasons for the jaunt were deleted from the published transcript. After Clarridge finished describing them, Stokes apparently asked—part of his question was censored—why the head of the Latin America division was tagged to go to South Africa regarding such matters. "Well," Clarridge replied, "because those subjects that I have just mentioned to you, Mr. Stokes, have to do with Latin America mainly."

What were they? The committees are not telling. The next Stokes-Clarridge exchange was completely excised from the public record. Nevertheless, the C.I.A. needed to confer with Pretoria about several Latin American issues. The solicitation of *contra* aid was not an aberration.

Another intriguing South African link was examined in testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Subcommittee on Africa on July 1. Sam Joseph Bamieh, a Republican businessman from California and self-proclaimed former intimate of King Fahd of Saudi Arabia, testified that Fahd and other Saudi officials told him the Saudis had funded anticommunist rebels all over the world; that was part of the deal with the Reagan Administration to sell U.S. Awacs reconnaissance aircraft to Riyadh. Bamieh's revelations about the Saudi connection, which supported press accounts of the Awacs-for-rebel-aid swap, received some media attention. Overlooked was the fact that eight days before Lieut. Col. Oliver North first admitted that he and Director of Central Intelligence William Casey planned to turn retired Maj. Gen. Richard Secord's enterprise into a self-financing private intelligence venture, Bamieh described nearly the same type of undertaking—but one that would be funded, at least in part, by selling Saudi oil to South Africa.

In February 1984, according to Bamieh, Prince Bandar, now Saudi Arabia's Ambassador to the United States, asked Bamieh to help start an offshore company that would supply goods and services to different anticommunist movements, including the *contras*, Jonas Savimbi's Unita in Angola and the mujahedeen in Afghanistan. One line of business would be the "sale of oil to South Africa," Bamieh testified. The company would buy oil from the Saudis and then resell it to South Africa, making 75 cents to $1 profit on each barrel.

According to Bamieh, Prince Bandar said his accomplices were to be Secord and his partner in arms Albert Hakim. Though the California businessman did huddle with Secord and Hakim on a legitimate deal, which eventually went sour, he said he turned down Bandar's offer regarding the oil-peddling venture to supply rebels. As part of the sales pitch, Bamieh recalled, the Prince claimed Casey was discussing the same arrangement with King Fahd.

Because Bamieh ran into trouble with his business deals in Saudi Arabia—he claimed he was placed under palace arrest for more than four months and is now suing several Saudis for $58 million—his story was discounted by Republicans on the House subcommittee, who said he bore a grudge. Bandar has branded Bamieh a liar, but the Saudi Embassy has also denied what is now established: that the Saudis provided financial support for the *contras*. If Bamieh can be believed, Casey, with the help of Secord, Hakim and the Saudis, was engaged in creating a private intelligence outfit long before the 1985-86 Iran arms deals, the profits of which, North claimed, made setting up a mini-C.I.A. feasible.

"Another way to generate large volumes of cash [for such an endeavor] is to sell oil to South Africa," a staff member

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of the subcommittee on Africa explained. The subcommittee so far has been unable to confirm whether Saudi oil was sold to South Africa to generate funds for arms shipments to rebels. But it is continuing to investigate Bamieh's claims.

Fealty to the Reagan Doctrine drove the Administration to seek help wherever it could be found. Saudi Arabia received the Awacs planes; White House crusaders tapped the petromillions for the "freedom fighters." What was South Africa's reward? When Clair George, the C.I.A. deputy director for covert operations, appeared before the Iran-*contra* committees, Representative Edward Boland, inquiring about Clarridge's mission to South Africa, noted the proposal called for Pretoria to support the *contras* "in exchange for . . ."—the rest of the sentence was deleted. There are no clues as to whether the payoff was Saudi oil, weapons, political support or something else. But the deal is plain: When Congress said no, the White House, in the name of democracy, turned to an apartheid state and an entrenched monarchy. You can always tell a covert war by the company it keeps.

DAVID CORN

UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

CALVIN TRILLIN

I don't want to get too excited about this—I've been disappointed plenty of times before—but I think I've finally come up with a phrase that's going to find its way into the language of American politics. This one will go all the way. When those big-time journalists who appear on the Washington political shows every Sunday morning start using it casually, just remember: You heard it here first.

Yes, I'm aware that I've said that before. Yes, I remember what big hopes I had for the campaign motto I made up years ago for a candidate running for mayor of Buffalo—"Never Been Indicted." In 1985, when Edwin Meese 3d's not quite illegal business arrangements were being revealed, I thought I had a chance to revive it by suggesting that "Never Been Indicted" might make a fine slogan for those urging his confirmation as Attorney General. To be absolutely frank, I haven't given up on it yet. Even if one of the special prosecutors now chasing Meese decides to press charges, I think the Attorney General might consider a simple adaptation of my original motto: "Hardly Ever Been Indicted."

Yes, I know that less than a year ago, I thought I had struck pay dirt with "deity overload," a phrase I invented in 1983, around the time political figures began saying that they had asked divine guidance before they voted to cut off food stamps or that they were only following God's plan by seeking a seat on the City Council. I truly thought that once Pat Robertson's presidential campaign got into gear—once he started nagging at the Lord for every last little alternate delegate—important political writers would begin writing about the danger of deity overload, that moment when God says, "Enough's enough." Then, around the time of the Jim Bakker scandal, Robertson began to fade away. I tried to salvage something by describing what happened as Robertson's being "carried out on someone else's pajama tails," but even that phrase didn't catch on.

This is different. This is a phrase I got from England. Yes, I know that political phrases from England usually don't find their way into the language of politics in America. I realize that no one has had success here in introducing the term "wet" in the way it's now used in English politics to mean soft or wimpy. (As I understand it, the Thatcher people use it this way: At a Cabinet meeting, Mrs. T lays down a new policy on welfare and, as all other ministers nod their heads in agreement, one person says, "But wouldn't that mean that some children might starve?" There is a long silence. Then Mrs. Thatcher, without uttering anything out loud, mouths the word "wet." All but the offender again nod their heads in agreement. He slinks from the room.)

This is different. Are you ready for it? O.K., here it is: "street cred." Great phrase, huh! In England, it's teen-age slang that's short for "street credibility." It means presence or authority or something on the order of what Americans mean when they say someone knows his way around. It's broader than "street smarts"—as I understand it, you can demonstrate street cred at a cocktail party—but if someone who's threatened by a gang of toughs bluffs his way out, he can definitely be said to have street cred. If he helps the bluff along by giving the gang leader a surprise kick in the stomach, I suppose he's got even more street cred.

Here's how this is going to work: First, I'm going to mention a name or two to make this personal. ("Whatever else you may say about Bobby Kennedy, at least he had street cred.") Then, I'm going to give the political writers some hint about how to apply the phrase to this campaign. ("The real question about all these candidates in Iowa is, Do they have the street cred to deal with Gorbachev?") Then I'm going to give them some idea of how to use it negatively, which is their favorite way to use anything. ("What Dole is hinting about Bush is that the guy simply doesn't have any street cred.")

Then I just sit back and wait. (By coincidence, this is precisely how someone with a lot of street cred would play it.) Pretty soon, the phrase starts to slip into the columns of Washington political analysts. On David Brinkley's show, George Will and Sam Donaldson agree that Mario Cuomo has street cred. During a particularly contentious moment on *The McLaughlin Report*, journalism's version of professional wrestling, two of the panelists accuse each other of not having any street cred. Finally, William Safire is moved to write a column about where the phrase came from. It came from me.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

London

Nations that allow a secret political police, and that allow them great latitude on the ground of national security, are famously asking for trouble. As with most important lessons, this one is easy to learn if you confine it to the experience of others. With the K.G.B. or BOSS or SAVAK or DINA, any fool could see that the local political elite was using police methods to stay in power and to assure itself that its only foes were spies and conspirators. In time one saw the same sort of thing becoming more apparent with Mossad in Israel and SDECE in France. And after the accumulation of a gargantuan mound of evidence, enough to stun generations of future historians, a few Congressmen nervously admitted that there might be the odd problem of "oversight" with the C.I.A.

In the case of Britain, the image has always been slightly more cuddly. The upper reaches of the British intelligence community were popularly supposed to be awash with the more effete type of homosexual, a reliable pushover for the unsleeping deep-penetration artists of Dzerzhinsky Square. Entire cinematic careers and novelistic reputations have been built on this edifice of the imagination. It has been Britain's role to provide, between George Smiley and James Bond, the only element of romance in the generally tawdry and brutish business of the cold war.

The really interesting thing about *Spycatcher*, now inching its way up the best-seller lists after the fabulous promotional campaign organized for it by Margaret Thatcher, is its revelation that Britain, too, is being subverted by its own "security services." Although Peter Wright makes the traditional allegations about moles in high places and pro-Soviet aristocrats weaving their deadly webs, he does so simply to observe the literary conventions. The heart of the book is his description of the cold war mind as we have come to know it in London and Washington over the past years. Here, for instance, is Wright's hymn to the "special relationship":

> The Capitol building was a giant fresco of pink blossom, blue sky, and white marble, capped by a shining gold dome. I always loved visiting Washington, especially in the spring. London was so drab; MI5 so class-ridden and penny-pinching. Like many of the younger, postwar recruits to secret intelligence, I felt America was the great hope, the hub of the Western intelligence wheel. I welcomed her ascendancy with open arms.

Wright was so eager to sell his country to the C.I.A., in other words, that he even credited the Capitol building with a gold dome that it does not possess. In much the same way, he attributes to the agency's onetime head of counter-intelligence James Jesus Angleton faculties that the old maniac never had. The central disclosure of Wright's book, and the reason for the Thatcher government's harassment of it in courts as far afield as Australia, is that British intelligence officers conspired to bring down the Labor government headed by Harold Wilson in the mid-1970s. This loony attack on democracy, it now turns out, was all Angleton's idea. He had conceived the notion that Wilson was a Soviet agent and was able to act on the notion because, like the Russians, he had his own private clientele inside the British intelligence service. Of this clientele, Wright was a valued and enthusiastic member.

On the evidence of other defectors from the secret world, Wright was one of the more intelligent and sane people employed by it. On the evidence of his own book, Wright is a bigoted ignoramus, a potential fascist with disordered sentimental tendencies. Both characterizations may be simultaneously true.

Wright claims to be passionately interested in Communism and to have a professional admiration for V.I. Lenin and Felix Dzerzhinsky. After Britain was defeated by an anticolonial insurgency in Cyprus—an episode that he describes with pitiable simplicity of mind—Wright composed a paper saying that British strategy "ought to adopt the Bolshevik model, since it was the only one to have worked successfully." It was this world view that he strove to communicate to Angleton, pressing on him the idea that U.S. policy toward Cuba should be guided by what Britain had learned in Cyprus.

You can gauge what Wright knows of Leninism and Communism from a reference he makes to the network that recruited Sir Anthony Blunt. In the fantasy account of *Spycatcher*, this network was made up of people who, surprisingly,

> were often not Russians at all, although they held Russian citizenship. They were Trotskyist Communists who believed in international Communism and the Comintern.

Ignorance on this scale is hard to come by. Yet Wright was considered rather an expert on the arcane mysteries of Leninism and was able to get the ear of Angleton anytime he wanted.

Actually, Wright seems to have been happier on the furtive schoolboy side of the business. As he writes of the great days of snooping into the lives of British subversives: "And we did have fun. For five years we bugged and burgled our way across London at the State's behest, while pompous bowler-hatted civil servants in Whitehall pretended to look the other way." This is the typical nastiness of the pseudo man of action, despising even the bureaucrats who employ and indulge him.

Of course, the whole weird mixture would be incomplete without a ripe item of British eccentricity. The apotheosis here must be Wright's description of a sheep, the hapless victim of a prototype poison dart at Britain's germ warfare HQ:

> The sheep started, and was restrained by the lead, and I thought perhaps the device had misfired. But then the sheep's knees began to buckle, and it started rolling its eyes and frothing at the mouth. Slowly the animal sank to the ground, life draining away, as the white-coated professionals discussed the advantages of the modern new toxin around the corpse. It was the only time in my life when my two passions, for animals and for intelligence, collided.

He should have stuck with the animals.

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ARTICLES.

AMERICA'S JAPAN

The End of Innocence

JOHN W. DOWER

In 1979 Harvard University sociologist Ezra Vogel published a book that provoked mild interest in the United States but became a sensational best seller in Japan. The book, *Japan As Number One*, describes in a very positive manner the ingredients of the Japanese "miracle."

At that time, the trade imbalance between Japan and the United States was a few billion dollars, and Japan's total foreign investments were negligible. Today, despite the recent appreciation of the yen, Japan's trade surplus with the United States is in the neighborhood of $60 billion, its worldwide trade surplus is almost $90 billion, its net international assets (investment abroad minus debt owed to foreigners) are estimated to be near $200 billion and Professor Vogel's catchy phrase has become commonplace on both sides of the Pacific.

Commonplace also is the understanding of what "Japan As Number One" really means. It means "America As Number Two": the end of the postwar economic supremacy of the United States, the end of a global capitalist system dominated by the white powers, the ascendance of the Pacific over the Atlantic as the hub of world commerce.

To Americans, this is shocking. To the Japanese, it is exhilarating. And to virtually everyone, including a great variety of knowledgeable Japanese, the sudden confluence of Japan's ascendancy and America's decline is awkward, ominous and potentially explosive.

Cynics may observe a certain ironic continuity in the current situation: Now, as in the past, the "Pacific partners" appear to be incapable of sustaining a genuinely equitable relationship. Under the bilateral alliance that emerged out of the postwar occupation of Japan, for decades it was accepted without question by both sides that Japan would operate in America's shadow. In the parlance of the Japanese left, this was "dependent independence" or "subordinate independence" within the postwar Pax Americana.

Now the tables are turned. The relationship is still unequal, but suddenly it is the United States that finds itself economically (but not militarily) dependent. Neither side has yet shown itself capable of working out a relationship that involves genuine equality and reciprocity.

That is ominous indeed. Among close observers of the U.S.-Japan relationship, there is virtually no one who believes the current imbalance can continue without catastrophic consequences, not only to the two countries but to the world economy. The two sides simply must bring their economies into closer balance. Yet at the same time, it is difficult to find among those same commentators anyone who is sanguine about whether the crisis can be resolved. Doomsday scenarios are everywhere and come in an almost infinite variety of guises. Broadly speaking, however, it is possible to discern four general strains in the American response to Japan's emergence as an economic juggernaut:

§ Genuine admiration of the so-called Japanese miracle.

§ Growing skepticism, at least in some circles, concerning Japan's ability to keep producing miracles in the face of impending social and economic challenges.

§ Heightened emphasis on the peculiar nature of Japanese capitalism, which not only undermines the once-cherished dream of Japan as a capitalist model for industrializing countries but also makes it impossible to be optimistic about Japan's ability to "internationalize" its domestic economy in any serious way.

§ Mounting resentment at what is widely perceived to be narrow economic nationalism and even racial arrogance among many Japanese.

In the final analysis, resolution of the current U.S.-Japan economic crisis will depend on a deep reservoir of good will and not just technocratic savvy. Thus, the continued existence of positive American attitudes toward Japan deserves emphasis. While Japan-bashing has become a popular pastime in many sectors of U.S. society, it is still virtually impossible to go anywhere in the country today without encountering admiration for the work habits and economic accomplishments of the Japanese. For every auto worker in Detroit who participates in the symbolism of smashing a Toyota, there are countless other workers who admire—and purchase—Japanese products. And for every Lee Iacocca–type capitalist who blames U.S. competitive failures on Japan's refusal to "play on a level field," numerous other corporate heads are sending their executives to sessions on Japanese-style management.

In Japan too, where recent opinion polls show a decline in respect for American capabilities and accomplishments, it is important to note that the cup is also half full. Despite such negative trends, friendly feelings toward Americans and American life styles remain high throughout Japanese society. There is also, however, a new school of thought in the United States that focuses on the vulnerability of the Japanese economy and the grave problems that loom ahead for that country. In seizing on this theme, Western commentators are actually echoing a gloomy prognostication popular in many Japanese circles.

Much of the fascination of this line of analysis lies in its double edge: On the one hand, it is suggested that the current crisis in trade and capital-flow imbalances has been ex-

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aggerated, that the Japanese bubble will burst or at least be deflated in the near future. On the other hand, such preoccupation with Japan's vulnerability contributes to the general impression of a worldwide crisis in capitalism by suggesting that—like the debt-ridden Third World and United States—even Japan's great creditor economy is imperiled.

Representative of this line of thought was a lengthy and comprehensive special report titled "Japan's Troubled Future" in the March 30 issue of *Fortune*. Among the impending troubles *Fortune* called attention to were: the rapidly increasing number of senior citizens in Japan; the probable decline of lifetime employment; the continued inability of Japanese schools to stimulate genuinely creative thinking, especially at the university level, because of the traditional emphasis on rote learning; the greater preoccupation of young Japanese with personal and family affairs; an aging industrial plant; declining industries, particularly coal, steel, shipbuilding and consumer electronics; an acute housing shortage; mounting foreign pressures to open the domestic economy to international competition and investment; and rising suspicion abroad about Japan's willingness to engage in genuine cooperation with other nations and peoples.

Citing a similar list of Japanese weaknesses, *Newsweek*'s coverage of the trade crisis last spring concluded that "the Japanese have serious problems." *Newsweek* also called attention to the threat to Japan (and the United States and Europe as well) from what is sometimes called Asia's "gang of four": South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong and Singapore.

Even Japanese management practices, which have enjoyed remarkable romanticization and praise in the West over the past five or ten years, are beginning to come under fire. Nissan Motors, for example, recently indicated that it might file a lawsuit against *The Progressive* for an article the magazine ran about employee grievances in the company's much-ballyhooed plant in Smyrna, Tennessee. The prediction of the Keidanren, Japan's most powerful federation of corporate leaders, that the majority of Japanese business ventures in the United States will fail has been widely quoted in the U.S. media.

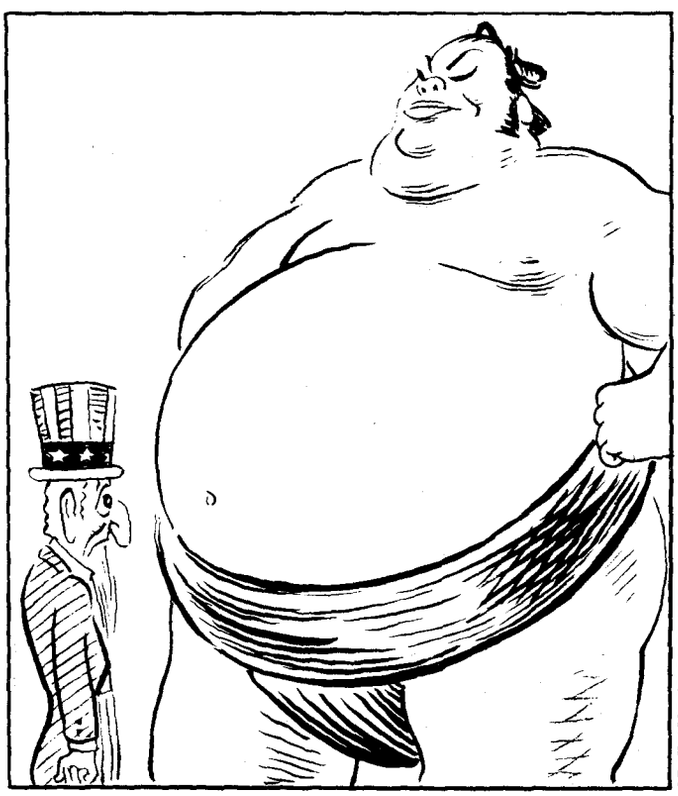
On the American side, there is a hint of grim solace in some of those commentaries. Being number one did not last long for us, the implication seems to be, and it will last even less long for Japan.

Recently, however, another line of equally pessimistic analysis has begun to emerge. While capitalists outside Japan continue to give close attention to the viability of the so-called Japanese model, it is becoming increasingly fashionable in academic as well as political circles to argue that Japan's economic structure has in fact been shaped by cultural and historical forces in ways that make it fundamentally unique. That argument was forcefully made in the summer issue of the *Journal of Japanese Studies*, the major U.S. journal devoted entirely to Japan. In what is an unusual special issue on the "trade crisis," some of the West's leading Japan specialists offer powerful ammunition to those who argue that—for institutional as well as political and psychological reasons—the Japanese will find it difficult if not impossible to restructure their domestic economy in ways that seriously contribute to rectifying trade and investment imbalances.

The structural barriers to internationalizing the domestic Japanese economy (or web of government and company relationships) are so great as to be almost insurmountable, the argument goes. Furthermore, expanding domestic consumption would entail abandoning the very practices that facilitated rapid economic growth in the first place (long work hours, untaxed savings, preferential policies for producers and exporters, etc.), and psychological resistance to that would be enormous. Finally, the rather tight controls by which conservative leaders once guided Japan Inc. have come unbundled and been replaced by a multitude of contentious political and economic elements.

University of California, Berkeley, political scientist Chalmers Johnson, an authority on Japan's industrial policy, argues that not only has Japan "invented and put together the institutions of capitalism in new ways, ways that neither Adam Smith nor Karl Marx would recognize or understand," but in the process it has created "not a success story but a supply-side monster." Johnson also notes that the much-publicized Maekawa report of April 1986, issued by a blue-ribbon commission of private citizens appointed by Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone, acknowledged how skewed Japan's industrial policy has been and called for drastic reform. Should such reform not be forthcoming, he concludes, Japan "will soon find itself ostracized by the rest of the world."

How the "monster" can be expected to change its very nature Johnson does not clearly indicate. And, in fact, the Maekawa report met a hostile reception in Japan. It was criticized for, among other things, not recognizing that the



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real responsibility for the current crisis lies not with Japan but with the United States. Many Japanese maintain that Americans are simply making scapegoats of the Japanese for problems of their own making. The Americans, the counterargument goes, lack the discipline and resolve to tighten their belts, pay their debts, restructure their economy and restore U.S. competitiveness.

Implicit in such Japanese criticism of U.S. economic practices, of course, is pride in the distinctive features of Japanese capitalism. And in its more extreme forms, such pride has begun to feed a rising tide of neonationalism and outright racial arrogance. Resentment toward such attitudes constitutes the fourth conspicuous strain in current U.S. criticism of Japan.

In part, as many Americans admit, Japanese expressions of national and racial pride represent a kind of sweet revenge for the numerous slights the Japanese had to endure during the decades of "subordinate independence." It is understandable that people who were publicly described by General Douglas MacArthur as being like 12-year-old children and privately demeaned as "little Sony salesmen" and "small and petty bookkeepers" (reportedly by Henry Kissinger) should take special pleasure in reversing roles and addressing Americans and Europeans as parent to child, teacher to pupil, creditor to debtor. Increasingly, however, legitimate pride in the nation's achievements has given way to expressions of outright arrogance.

"The arrogance of power" is of course a phrase that became associated with the United States in the heyday of its postwar expansion. There is, however, an intriguing difference in the Japanese case: American arrogance tends to have an extroverted quality, expressed in the notion that it is both possible and desirable to export the American way to the rest of the world. By contrast, the new Japanese arrogance points inward, an opposite direction. Although there is still much talk about the Japanese model, there is even more talk by Japanese these days about the "uniqueness," "homogeneity" and "purity" of Japanese society.

The basic message non-Japanese now seem to be hearing from Japan is, The reason we are number one is that we Japanese are biologically and culturally unique in ways no one else can ever emulate.

That was the real thrust of Prime Minister Nakasone's notorious comments a year ago about the negative impact of ethnic minorities in the United States. In expressing his contempt for nonwhites in America, he was implicitly saying what is often said outright in Japan nowadays: that Japan is a superior nation because it is monoracial. Nakasone is actually a fascinating example of the complexity of those trends, for he is simultaneously a genuine supporter of the intellectual as well as economic internationalization of Japan and a fervent nationalist who officially venerates the war dead of World War II, believes in the special destiny of Nippon (a jingoistic way of reading the ideograms for Japan, usually pronounced "Nihon") and clearly believes in the superiority of *Yamato damashii* ("Japanese spirit," a potent slogan during World War II).

While the Japanese media are diligent in reporting examples of slurs by foreigners, most Japanese seem unaware of how carefully their own ethnocentric expressions are being monitored abroad. A recent American review of Akio Morita's autobiography, *Made in Japan*, for example, called attention to his references to "our one-race nation," as well as what the Sony chair called "a kind of Oriental sixth sense." In his book *Japan's Modern Myth*, linguist Roy Andrew Miller has described the persistent ridicule of *hen na gaijin* ("queer foreigners") on Japanese television. James Fallows, reporting from Japan for *The Atlantic* just before Nakasone's gaffe about American minorities, dwelled at great and bitter length on the pervasive sense of racial exclusion that all Westerners in Japan are made to feel. Ian Buruma, arts and society editor of the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, recently wrote several widely discussed articles about Japan's neonationalist *Minzoku-ha* intellectuals and politicians, whom he likened to the Volkists in

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Nazi Germany. In Japan itself, one of the most vigorous growth industries of recent years is an ongoing debate known as the *Nihonjin-ron*, involving discussion at every conceivable level of communication about what being Japanese really means.

In that atmosphere, it is not surprising that a large number of Americans and other non-Japanese view the current economic crisis as more than just a predictable example of capitalist competition or plain economic nationalism on the part of Japan. In innumerable ways, they hear the Japanese themselves saying they are a unique race with a superior culture that is closed to outsiders. That the domestic Japanese market also seems impenetrable is consistent with that larger picture.

As any visitor to Japan quickly learns, *gaijin*, the Japanese word for "foreigner," is written with two characters that mean, literally, "outside person." And as the Japanese seem strangely slow to learn, the non-Japanese response to being kept an outsider—beyond the pale in so many ways— is frustration, resentment, anger and, increasingly, outbursts of rage.

Such a situation, in which seemingly intractable material problems have become so intertwined with national pride and visceral emotions, offers little room for optimism. □

OLLIE NORTH'S HOMECOMING

Everybody Came But 'Larry'

MARGARET GREVATT

Philmont, New York

In the wake of the Iran/*contra* Congressional select committee hearings, Philip Mossman, Mayor of this tiny village (population 1,642), rose to the historic—or perhaps economic—occasion. He announced to the media that the annual Community Day celebration in Philmont, planned for August 15, would be renamed "Oliver North Day" to honor the man who had spent most of his boyhood in Philmont. The event would raise money, the Mayor stated, for North's defense fund, but he spoke as well of the possibilities for raising real estate values and helping local business.

A committee was established and things began to build. Its chair, Sharon Johnson, told reporters, "People are calling from all over and asking, 'Where is the nearest hotel?' We are getting letters from all across the country and even Europe." Last year's event had drawn 300 people but, she said, "This year I'm sure we are going to be overrun." Pepsico promised to donate banners honoring North (whom townspeople still refer to, disconcertingly, as "Larry"). A sixteen-piece brass band from New York City sent word that it would come if North appeared at the event.

Margaret Grevatt is director of the Center for Cooperative Action in Cleveland.

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But then Philmont's troubles began. The Mayor admitted with chagrin that not all residents of the town wanted to celebrate their former neighbor. "Some," he said, "are questioning why we are doing this and saying, 'He is not our hero.'" A local priest, asked to conduct a service to honor North, refused to honor someone who, he said, had violated the Constitution. Mossman took another step back, saying, "We are not honoring North because of his position in the Iran/*contra* scandal, but rather as a boy who put this town on the map. He brought status to this town. No one ever got that high before." Other members of the clergy joined the priest in refusing support.

Prompted by the publicity, church and peace groups in the area announced that protesters would come to Philmont for Oliver North Day. Residents began to worry about violence; the Mayor, about added costs for police protection.

The final blow was a response from Lieut. Col. Oliver North that he would not be at the celebration because of "security" reasons. In declaring that it was not safe for him to return to his hometown, North not only tarnished his image as a military hero, he also pulled the plug on the Mayor's dream of putting Philmont on the map and (perhaps) himself in the local archives as the leader who brought back prosperity. Mossman stated bravely that the event would go on anyway, although neither North, anyone from his family nor any specially designated representative would be there.

The day before the big event, Philmont did not present a scene of hustle, bustle or excitement. Indeed one could hardly have chosen a more graphic example of today's contrast between rich and poor in our nation than this tired little town, tucked in among the mansions, museums and summer theaters that mark the wealthy playground that is the Berkshires. Two hand-stenciled signs marked each end of town, declaring "Larry North Day." A quick survey of accommodations indicated that persons whom committee chair Johnson expected to overrun the town looking for hotel rooms would have to stay at the Hilltop Hotel, leaning a bit over the top of the hill on the way to town.

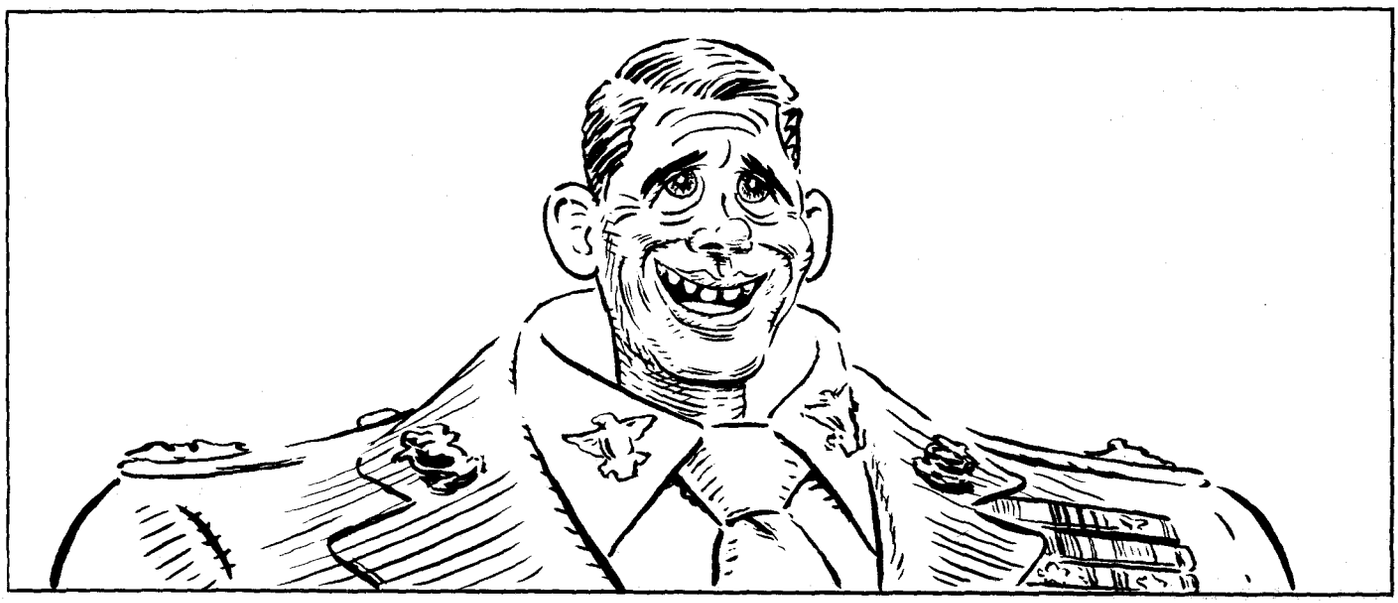
A plastic Pepsi banner, stretched across the front of Sadie's Restaurant, was the only clue that something big was about to happen. People were subdued when asked if they minded North's refusal to attend. They seemed to feel somehow unworthy of his attention.

As the parade began the next morning, 200 demonstrators peacefully lined the streets, outnumbering the townspeople in attendance. Mayor Mossman led the parade, followed by the best replacement that could be found for North—Santa Claus. Six veterans marched in a row, followed by the baton-twirling Trojan High Steppers. A few fire engines passed by, plus a mayoral candidate from a nearby town. The most incongruous sight was a group of young black drummers from a local reform school. The sixteen-piece band did not appear.

There were no speeches. There was no violence. A few "Ollie North for President" T-shirts were for sale. There were some white-elephant booths. The demonstrators seemed sad. A resident attempting to put a good face on things told reporters, "Well, this is the most exciting thing that's happened to Philmont since the sewer system." The Mayor announced that next year's Community Day might include the dedication of a plaque to North.

The following day, the hand-stenciled signs were gone. The Pepsi banner drooped in the hot summer air. The pickup trucks were back at the Hilltop Hotel. The sign at the American Legion hall again read, "Bingo Every Thursday." Just past it, beyond the Creative Creations shop, was a sign for the Once New Shoppe.

Philmont seems used up by an economy that has devastated those without the resources to compete. Its people appear unsure of themselves, lost, in a society where suddenly rewards are tied to contradictory messages about values that once seemed clear. Thomas Jefferson saw the small towns of America as the symbol and the bedrock of our democratic promise. The small tragedy of Philmont's Ollie North Day reveals that our nation is deeply tarnished, in need of restoration. □



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SOME POLICY PROPOSALS

Reproductive Rights for Today

LINDA GORDON

The Baby M trial was only one of a series of highly publicized cases in which the public has been drawn into desperate, passionate conflicts about reproduction. Some of those have arisen from new reproductive arrangements or technologies, such as "surrogate" motherhood or in vitro fertilization. Others have arisen from a new sensibility about prenatal maternal responsibilities, as evidenced in the prosecution of Pamela Rae Stewart Monson for criminal neglect in the death of her newborn because she allegedly had failed to seek medical help promptly for bleeding, had used drugs and had had sex against doctors' orders. And other medical technologies can produce yet more conflicts: In the Baby Jesse case, physicians pressured a young unmarried couple to relinquish custody of their ailing infant to its grandparents as the condition for performing a heart transplant. In several cases, when courts have ordered Caesarean sections performed, mothers have refused and fled rather than undergo the operation.

Despite these new twists, conflicts about reproduction have a long history. They arise whenever old customs are not adequate to regulate changing behavior. The nineteenth-century campaign for maternal preference in child custody, ending centuries of patriarchal prerogative, had to defeat an intense backlash of charges that such a practice would destroy marriage and the family. Today maternal preference has been superseded by the doctrine of "best interests of the child," which engenders still more conflict: It empowers not children but professionals to define what is good for them. Both sides in custody cases—as in the Baby M trial—hire professionals, if they can afford it, to question the contesting parent's competence.

Birth control has been highly controversial for more than 150 years. The first neo-Malthusians of the early nineteenth century, who advocated population control, evoked a pro-family backlash. The campaign against abortion, which started in the 1840s and had achieved nationwide prohibition by the 1880s, provided a focus for hostility toward women who rejected their place; in the "race suicide" panic of the 1890s women were blamed for forsaking their maternal duties, thereby threatening the nation and the white race with underpopulation. Starting about 1914, militant campaigns for legal contraception—associated with socialism and feminism—encountered not only pro-family but also anti-communist opposition. Today's abortion struggles continue this tradition of controversy, and new reproductive technologies and arrangements are calling up old fears of the decline of "the family," of technological tyranny, of sexual disorder.

What is new today is that conflicts reach the public through the courts and are being debated as individual cases, containing all the complexities and ambiguities of real life. By contrast, abortion and birth control were in the past discussed in terms of general morality and policy. The personalized public discussion has some advantages. Because the issues are embedded in human stories, they are the more gripping, and the debate is broader. That creates greater opportunity for widespread democratic opinion to be heard—and, of course, to be manipulated. But at the same time, the novel reproductive arrangements seem more sensational, more shocking, because the stories that reach us are of arrangements gone wrong, and because in litigation each party tries to make the other look bad. It is hard to focus on solutions because we do not agree what the problems are. The Baby M case has been read as a dispute between father and mother, between rich and poor, between contract and "nature," between freedom (or license) and repression (or morality).

The soap-opera approach to reproductive conflicts obscures the social causes of all this litigation. Technological developments play only a small part. Where medical expertise is involved—as in hormonal treatments or in vitro fertilization—it developed in response to pressure from the infertile (who today comprise approximately one in six couples of childbearing age). In the past infertility was most common among the poor, because it was associated with general ill health. Today that continuing class problem tends to be hidden behind the more publicized experiences of the prosperous, who are more aggressive in seeking cures. Employed women, particularly women with professional aspirations and careers, increasingly postpone childbearing, which makes infertility more likely. Several generations have counted on legal birth control and being able to plan pregnancies. Not accustomed to resignation, the infertile may pursue with great determination their deep longings for children.

Women's increased autonomy is directly responsible for some new reproductive arrangements, particularly artificial insemination. Just as women are refusing to sacrifice childbearing for a career, so too they are refusing to give up having children just because they do not have a relationship with a man. Artificial insemination is particularly controversial because it can mean rejection of marriage, possibly lesbianism.

The flap has been intensified because unconventional reproductive methods often challenge physicians' authority, a challenge stimulated by the feminist health movement. Artificial insemination and surrogacy are nontechnological; they do not require professional help, and many women know it. Physicians have long tried to control artificial insemination, which was first medically executed in 1799. One medical authority of the 1950s insisted that women to be inseminated should have an I.Q. of 120 or more; most doctors

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Linda Gordon is a professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, and author of Woman's Body, Women's Right: A Social History of Birth Control in America *(Viking/Penguin). Her forthcoming* Heroes of Their Own Lives: The Politics and History of Family Violence *(Viking) will be published early next year.*

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believed they should approve the morality of the candidates and refused to help single women. Informal estimates suggest that thousands of children have already been born from nonmedical artificial insemination, despite the fact that most state laws require physicians to perform the procedure.

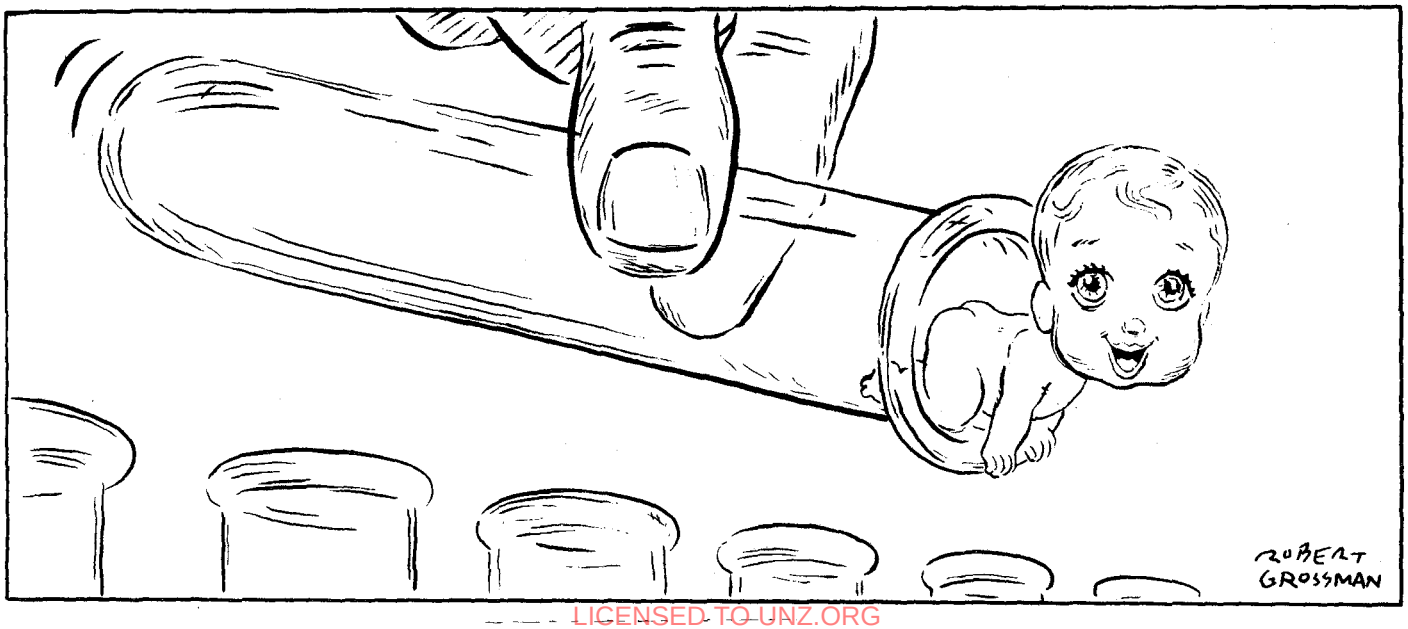
Until the last decade the lines of disagreement about reproduction were simple: On one side were feminists and other radicals supporting individual rights; on the other was an alliance between religious and political conservatives. Professionals, particularly doctors, were divided. Today's alignments cannot be so simply drawn and do not, for example, correlate neatly with pro- and antiabortion views, although the abortion debate remains the dominant ideological influence. Conceptualizing the fetus as an individual with rights, such as entitlement to medical treatment regardless of the mother's wishes, is an extension of the right-to-life arguments. Yet many antiabortionists oppose medical intervention for nontraditional reproduction, such as surrogacy or in vitro fertilization. Others defend surrogacy contracts from a right-to-life sensibility that regards pregnant women as vessels carrying other, separate, individuals, rather than as integral individuals engaging in reproductive activity. Furthermore, antiabortionists' pronatalist stance makes it hard for them to ignore the pleas of the infertile. Pro-choice people are also divided. Many are suspicious of state regulation but want legal recognition for the right of individuals to use alternative reproductive arrangements. Adoption remains an imperfect option, especially for the affluent, who are most likely to seek solutions to infertility. That is because the supply of healthy white infants remains small, and many privileged prospective parents demand infants whose "good stock" can be guaranteed, a revival of eugenic sentiment.

Some solutions to infertility, particularly in vitro fertilization, hormonal fertility treatments and intervention in high-risk pregnancies, may increase the power of physicians. As patients, individuals often lose the sense that they are exercising reproductive rights and think of themselves as ill or damaged and seeking help. When things go wrong, they are likely to resort to malpractice suits, which do not help maintain the general rights of citizens. Despite some decline in popular respect for physicians, medical moral authority remains strong. In a class I taught recently at the University of Wisconsin, Madison, I asked why doctors should have the authority to decide what justifies abortion. One undergraduate responded, "But we delegate decision-making power to our Congressmen, why not to our doctors?"

The new reproductive projects may also increase the power of the courts. Several state legislatures will soon be considering bills regulating surrogacy, and many other reproductive issues will likely give rise to bills. This is on the whole a good thing. Of course legislatures will be influenced by conservative groups, but they will also be open to lobbying by progressive organizations. The courts, ruling on the competence of individual mothers, are setting dangerous precedents for state power over individual reproductive and domestic behavior. Only by shifting the discussion from individual cases to general policy can we get the evidence needed to balance civil liberties against legitimate social control goals.

Feminists and other progressives have no consensus on new reproductive issues because those involve conflicting values. It is right for individuals to have as much sexual and reproductive freedom as possible and wrong to impose a "traditional" family, like an established church, as a necessary condition for childbearing. Certainly motherhood achieved through sexual intercourse and pregnancy is not superior in any way to motherhood achieved through adoption, artificial insemination or another method. But the further commoditization of embryos, fetuses, infants, body parts and fluids, or the further exploitation of women's reproductive capability, is also wrong. And it is wrong to think that pregnancy and parturition can be equated with a sperm donation, a contract, a cash payment.

In the interest of beginning a policy discussion let me offer some recommendations. These have been greatly influenced by, but are not identical with, those of the Reproductive Laws for the 1990s project, for which I recently served as a consulting historian. (That project will produce a pam-



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phlet of model legislation on reproductive issues, to be published soon; for more information write the Women's Rights Litigation Clinic, Rutgers School of Law, 15 Washington Street, Newark, NJ 07102.)

§ There should be no regulation requiring medical or any other professional or legal supervision of artificial insemination. Clinics that offer this or any other reproductive service, such as abortion or in vitro fertilization, should not be permitted to discriminate against any class of clients—e.g., single people, lesbians, nonconformists. The general principle here is that reproduction is not a medical matter; nor is there any evidence that reproduction through artificial insemination presents more social problems than any other form of reproduction.

§ Surrogacy contracts ought to have no legal force; that is, no one ought to be able to call upon the courts to enforce them. The message we should deliver to potential participants in these arrangements is, Enter at your own risk. Our legal tradition already denies the right to contract to sell one's life or body parts, and there is no reason not to add to this list the rights to the progeny of a pregnancy. But neither should we attempt to prohibit surrogacy or to prevent the exchange of money in these agreements. Criminalization would not work (consider the failure of laws prohibiting abortion) and would unduly interfere with individual rights. There are reasonable surrogacy arrangements, exercises of generosity by the women involved. Existing adoption law is adequate to protect the rights of those people—including the infants—in such private arrangements. Short of criminalization, there are ways to discourage surrogacy, including the regulation of middlemen: limiting their fees and assigning to them more risk and responsibility than they carry today.

If it proves impossible to make surrogacy contracts unenforceable (and now that those who want to legitimize such contracts have seized the initiative), certain other safeguards are essential. Two are fundamental: protecting the integrity and autonomy of the pregnant woman; and the provision of a grace period after birth, during which a mother might decide to keep the baby. The mother should not be required to engage in or avoid any particular activities or medical treatment; she must be free to have an abortion. The provision of a grace period raises the question of whether to protect the mother's rights we must deny the rights of the father to the child. Some feminists argue the absolute superiority of maternal claims in all custody disputes; I do not. It is not a question of the equal contribution of egg and sperm but of the difference between a genetic and a gestational relation to a future child. The latter is a far more burdensome and personal commitment and deserves greater recognition, although other factors might supersede it in some cases.

§ No pregnant or birthing woman should be required to accept medical treatment. There will of course be pregnant women whose judgment many of us would criticize, even consider morally negligent. Nevertheless, to attempt to police their irresponsibility (or to permit suits by children against their mother for her behavior during pregnancy) would do more harm than good. The potential for discrimination and violation of personal autonomy outweighs the possible damage to fetuses. Protecting the rights of pregnant women may require a ban on malpractice suits on behalf of women who refuse treatment. Doctors who perform medical services without consent, however, should be subject to suits.

§ Recently it has become common to speak of "post-viability" abortions, as if it were possible to fix a moment when a fetus becomes "viable" or even define that term. (Viable with what level of medical intervention, for instance?) In fact viability is a shifting and debatable concept, which varies among pregnancies. Late abortions have been used as a stalking horse for all abortions. Since only 0.01 percent of all abortions occur after twenty-four weeks, those can hardly provide the basis for a general abortion policy. There should be no limits to term set on abortions. At the same time, the state could discourage late abortions by improving access to birth control, especially for teen-agers, who are the most frequent recipients of late abortions.

§ Women also need the right of informed consent regarding the type of abortion to be performed. Certain methods of abortion are more likely than others to produce a potentially viable fetus—thus confronting parents and medical personnel with decisions about heroic lifesaving measures.

Neither the defense of family nor absolute individual freedom provides an adequate basis for a reproductive rights policy. The recommendations I have made are intended not only to combine values with practicality but also to acknowledge conflicting values. Some social control of sex and reproduction is desirable (e.g., it would be a bad idea to abolish age-of-consent laws or decriminalize "consenting" sex between adults and children). But the history of regulation of reproductive activity shows that, by and large, state coercion has been discriminatory, sexist and ineffective. Criminal prosecution or the threat of it has been less effective against child abuse and neglect than has welfare aid. Yet I would not advocate decriminalizing child abuse. One serviceable guideline has been the tradition that personhood and, in modern times, rights begin at birth. Proposals for interference with individual reproductive decisions should carry a heavy burden of proof, and it should be even heavier when the concern is the welfare of embryos or fetuses as opposed to real children. □

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NUCLEAR POWER SHOWDOWN

Summer of Our Discontent

HARVEY WASSERMAN

Columbus, Ohio

For the nuclear power industry, this summer has been both the best and the worst of times. A secret critique of General Electric's atomic power plants by its own engineers stunned the commercial reactor business when discovered, but the industry achieved some major victories for itself in Congress nonetheless. And the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and grass-roots activists seem to be headed for a confrontation over the nuclear plants at Shoreham, Long Island, and Seabrook, New Hampshire.

Documents ancillary to the massive General Electric report, written in 1975 and named for G.E.'s top scientist, Dr. Charles Reed, cautioned that G.E.'s commercial reactor design "does not constitute a quality product." It warned of a risk of catastrophic radiation release that could be caused by earthquakes, deteriorating metals, inadequate cooling systems or faulty valves. The report recommended that "any additional proposals to sell" the atom plants "should be so conditioned as to assure [that] they will not be accepted, so that the extension of the . . . risk beyond sales already firm will be prevented."

The N.R.C. staff reviewed the document, but G.E. managed to keep it from public scrutiny for twelve years. But on May 28, Cleveland *Plain Dealer* reporter Bill Sloat found part of a draft of the Reed findings on a table in a Cincinnati courthouse. The critique was among 1.5 million documents that had been unearthed in discovery motions by the utilities serving Cincinnati, Dayton and Columbus in a bitter lawsuit filed in Cincinnati against G.E. The utilities are demanding that G.E. repay them for cost overruns at the scandal-ridden $1.7 billion Zimmer reactor they attempted to build on the Ohio River until they were forced to abandon it in 1984. Sloat and *Plain Dealer* reporter Jim Lawless have since collaborated on a series of front-page stories questioning G.E.'s performance in the commercial reactor business.

The Cincinnati lawsuit may set a precedent for the nation. Forty G.E. reactors are operating or are near completion around the country. Virtually all are plagued by problems predicted in the Reed report. Despite the company's contention that solutions are at hand or nearly at hand, the question of who pays for changes and repairs— G.E., the utilities operating the reactors or the public—will be litigated for years. Two major power company lawsuits against G.E. were already under way in Nebraska and the state of Washington when the Reed report surfaced.

The effects of the report are also being felt at the $5.3 billion Perry reactor, east of Cleveland, where valve problems like the ones described in the Reed report caused a shutdown that may have resulted in a leak of radioactive water and steam. Valve and other problems predicted by the report have given ammunition to the opponents of Cleveland Electrical Illuminating's attempt to win the enormous rate hikes it needs to pay for Perry. The report has also increased opposition to the reopening of Boston Edison's G.E.-built Pilgrim plant, which has been closed for repairs for more than a year.

Of course, the fight against nuclear power predates the discovery of the Reed report. The neighbors of Long Island Lighting's G.E. reactor at Shoreham and the Public Service Company of New Hampshire's Seabrook, a Westinghouse reactor, have rejected the evacuation plans required by law before an operating license can be issued. So far, Governors Mario Cuomo and Michael Dukakis have backed the opposition. In response, the N.R.C. has indicated that it might reduce the evacuation zone from ten miles to one, allowing Lilco and the New Hampshire utility to open the plants at full power. An amendment to a bill to prevent that was proposed by Representative Edward Markey, whose Massachusetts district lies near Seabrook's ten-mile zone. But the House rejected Markey's amendment, 261 to 160, possibly opening the door for the N.R.C. to license both plants.

Congress also dismissed attempts to overturn the Price-Anderson Act, which limits a utility's liability in case of a meltdown and forces taxpayers to pick up most of the tab [see S.K. Levin, "Who'll Pay for a U.S. Chernobyl?" *The Nation*, June 14, 1986]. This summer nuclear opponents have mounted a major campaign to make both builders and independent contractors accountable for their reactors. A bill raising the overall liability limit to $7 billion, from the current $700 million, did pass the House, but other amendments aimed at weakening or removing the Price-Anderson protections for the industry were turned down. A Senate fight looms. But "the industry is still very, very powerful on the Hill," the Environmental Policy Institute's Robert Alvarez notes. "Congress is at least ten years behind the public on this issue."

Public opposition to nuclear power has indeed risen in the wake of the Three Mile Island and Chernobyl accidents and the discovery of the Reed report. A recent ABC/*Washington Post* poll showed 78 percent of the American public opposed to the construction of new nuclear reactors, and 41 percent advocated a phase-out of those now on line.

Increasingly, the debate focuses on health. In December 1986 the Council on Economic Priorities released a survey of 175 counties downwind from 55 commercial reactors showing that those counties, overall, suffer higher-than-normal rates of cancer mortality, infant mortality and total mortality. Jay Gould, the statistician who conducted the study, says, "The findings, which are based on official public health statistics, are highly significant." Gould estimates

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Harvey Wasserman recently completed a major study of the health impact of the Three Mile Island accident for Harrowsmith. *He is co-author, with Norman Solomon, of* Killing Our Own.

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that some 9,000 Americans are killed yearly by commercial reactor emissions.

Gould also links fallout from the 1979 accident at Three Mile Island to a substantial rise in death rates in surrounding states in the years 1980 through 1982. Some 2,500 area residents are suing Three Mile Island's co-owner, General Public Utilities, and the designers and manufacturers of the plant, mostly for radiation-related effects ranging from cancer and leukemia to infant deaths, malformations and sterility. G.P.U. has already settled at least a hundred of the cases out of court, paying as much as $50 million in damages overall. Most of the remaining cases are expected to go to trial this fall.

High leukemia rates have also been observed near the Pilgrim reactor and at Maine Yankee, near Wiscasset. Pilgrim's opponents plan a statewide referendum to shut all Massachusetts plants, and the state's activists see it as a test of presidential candidate Dukakis's commitment to the issue. A referendum on closing Maine Yankee, the third such attempt, is also scheduled for this fall. "This time," says campaign fund-raiser Charlie Epcar, "we think we can win."

Nuclear opponents also foresee victory on a new front. In many states, incorporated communities can form their own public utilities and buy power from whomever they choose. Some Cleveland-area towns have already abandoned C.E.I., whose rates may double because of the Perry reactor. A similar campaign has started in Toledo, where rates have soared because of the accident-plagued Davis-Besse reactor. But the most serious fight will probably occur in Chicago; the city's contract with Commonwealth Edison expires in 1990. Commonwealth Ed has nine reactors in its rate base; Mayor Harold Washington doesn't think Chicago should pay for them, and he wonders whether the city might do better buying from other sources.

At Shoreham, residents are pushing for the state to take over Lilco and then retire the $5.7 billion reactor. Opponents are committed to keeping the nearby plant shut at all costs, as are their counterparts in New Hampshire. Should the N.R.C. license Shoreham and Seabrook, as now seems likely, we may well see the largest confrontations of the Reagan era over nuclear power. □

The Priest

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

February 1986. Aristide's electric sermons, charged by liberation theology, have mobilized tens of thousands of the formerly passive residents of Port-au-Prince slums. Of course, Aristide has been preaching against the powerful since long before Duvalier fell, but as the junta that replaced Duvalier grows more unpopular, as it steps up its violence against unarmed citizens, his sermons have increasingly focused on that new government. In return the junta's attention, and ire, have increasingly focused on Aristide.

The junta has recently seemed oddly detached. Its only visible response to Haiti's continuing unrest has been tear gas and bullets, the weapons of a weak political entity. The government has lost every political battle it has joined. It was forced by strikes and protests to retreat when it attempted to violate the autonomy of a new council established to monitor elections. It was forced to reverse itself when it tried to dissolve the country's most important labor union. On August 10 it was handed another defeat when only a tiny percentage of eligible students turned out to take their baccalaureate exams, and the rest observed a general strike. As Aristide points out, however, "A weakened animal is dangerous, violent."

In Port-au-Prince, Haitian Army troops have killed at least thirty-two people and wounded hundreds since the end of June. Outside the capital, the government's measures are generally less direct; it prefers to let local power elites settle scores without interference. Just a few days after Lieut. Gen. Henri Namphy, the junta's President, visited the distant northwestern town of Jean-Rabel in July, a war broke out there between two factions of peasants. One, called Tet Ansanm ("Solidarity"), was led by progressive church leaders who advocate land reform in the area; the other was underwritten by members of the entrenched landed gentry, who, according to the Haitian press, encouraged a horde of peasants to attack a march of Tet Ansanm supporters. At least 225 of the land-reform peasants were slaughtered, most by machete, and hundreds more have disappeared, their bodies presumably hurled into the region's deep ravines. The government, U.S. Embassy officials and the local powers that be call the Tet Ansanm peasants and the priests and lay workers who organized them "Communists." The Catholic hierarchy sought to undermine the Tet Ansanm movement and for a long time refused official comment on the massacre. Jean-Rabel is not the only place where such land wars have occurred, and the atmosphere in the countryside is tense. Meanwhile, the army has not intervened; it is presumed that the junta has a tacit nonintervention agreement with the Jean-Rabel landholders.

Out in Jérémie, on the southwestern tip of the island, the army has been less passive. On August 18 Bishop Willy Romélus, the only popular figure within the Catholic hierarchy, broke a long silence to protest army abuses in his diocese. He accused soldiers of hunting down peasants who were allegedly involved in a recent uprising near Jérémie. Whether the uprising actually occurred is questionable. Bernard Sansaricq, who allegedly led the rebellion and later took refuge in the Argentine Embassy, says he has proof that Gen. Williams Regala, a longtime army man and a member of the junta, directed a massacre in Jérémie under "Papa Doc" Duvalier in which hundreds of people, including Sansaricq's own family, were killed. In recent weeks, friends and families of those rumored to have been associated with Sansaricq have been beaten by soldiers and some were arrested. Intimidating searches have become routine.

Amy Wilentz is writing a book about Haiti for Simon & Schuster.

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Against this background of terror, Father Aristide in his white soutane stands out as a figure of exemplary courage, holding the junta and its members personally and politically responsible for what he calls "the civil war" in Jean-Rabel and castigating the Catholic hierarchy for its complicity. He has taken up Bishop Romélus's phrase *rache manyok*, which means "pull up your roots" but has a connotation similar to "get lost," and turned it into a battle cry against the junta. At every public opportunity he enumerates the sins of Haiti's "capitalist, elitist" social structure. He brings his congregation to its feet with calls for a popular, revolutionary government, neither communist nor capitalist, but nationalist and socialist. Then he has them sing the Haitian national anthem.

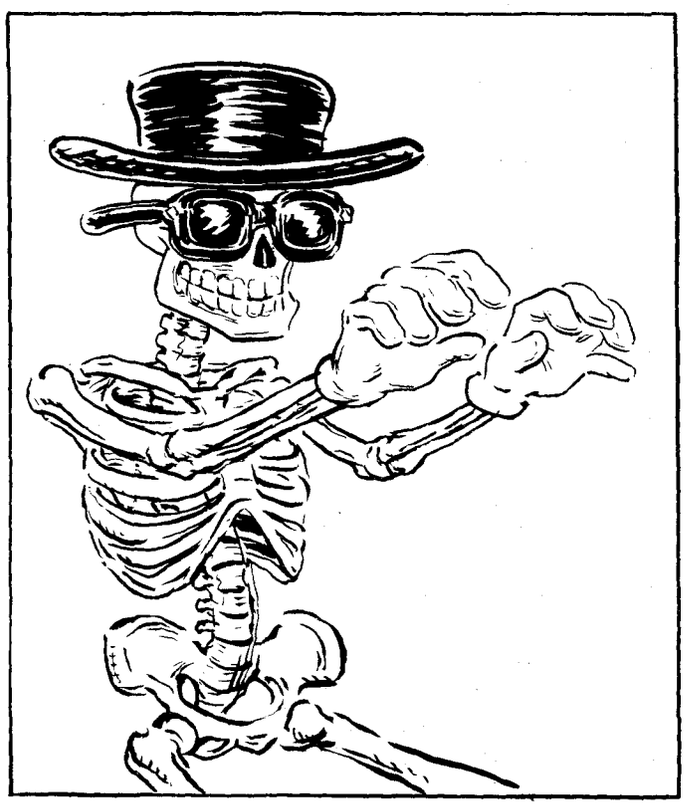
Aristide's outspokenness and his eloquence in Creole have made him an attractive target for the country's right-wing elements, including the Catholic Church. Last year, after several virulent, anti-American sermons, Aristide was enjoined to silence by his superiors in the Salesian order. He threatened to leave Haiti, because he could not obey the order and remain. Hundreds of his followers, mostly youths from the city's most desperate and downtrodden slums, held him "hostage" in the church confines for fifteen days until the Salesians backed down. Aristide kept quiet for a few months, but when the most recent troubles began, he again exploded on the scene, this time strengthened by his victory. The experience also intensified his deep emotional ties to his congregants and to the street urchins who sleep on the church grounds and look to the priest for help in emergencies—for a lift to the hospital to have a street-fighting wound treated, money for food when they can't find work washing cars and windshields, medicine.

Recently, the Salesians issued a new and stronger order to Aristide, assigning him a new parish some twenty minutes from downtown Port-au-Prince, in a neighborhood that has many right-wing residents, including Namphy and other government and army leaders whom the priest has often attacked. Aristide's new assignment came, suspiciously, on the heels of the demonstrations his followers organized and, more important, after a sermon in which he reminded his congregants that the new Constitution, passed overwhelmingly in March, upholds a citizen's right to have a weapon in his or her home.

After his followers were told of his new assignment, Aristide disappeared into the countryside, in order, he later said, to avoid a repetition of last year's crisis. He was, he said, ready to obey his superiors. He preached in the northern province, and then went to Cape Haitian to say mass at a school. Even before the August 13 service had begun, soldiers lined the roads and cruised by the school in jeeps. The building was filled to capacity and another thousand youths gathered outside. Originally scheduled as an open-air mass, the service had been moved indoors to avoid violence. As Aristide quoted from the Gospel, the army began firing tear gas cartridges over the school and directly into the surrounding crowd. "And he that hath no sword," the priest read, "let him sell his garment and buy one." Later, he interpreted: "Does this mean that we should have weapons to protect ourselves in our homes against an army of terrorists?" Meanwhile, the army continued firing, filling the school with gas. Forty-five minutes later, as the sun began to set, the electricity in Cape Haitian was cut off. Throughout the night, gunfire could be heard all over town. "He is preaching armed struggle," said Gérard Noël, acting Information Minister. "A lie," responded Aristide, who says he simply advocates that every family have "a little pile of rocks" to throw at soldiers who come into the slums shooting.

While Aristide was in the darkened school, his supporters in the capital were organizing a protest. On the eve of the Feast of the Assumption, in a gesture of passive resistance unique in Haiti's history, they entered Port-au-Prince's imposing cathedral—symbol of the Catholic hierarchy and its ties to the ruling class—and eight began a hunger strike in front of the altar. Aristide's urchins followed them in. The strikers demanded the return of Aristide to what they consider his rightful parish and a statement indicating the church's concern over the incidents at Jean-Rabel, among other things. They were afraid that Aristide's removal was the first step in an all-out war by church leaders and the junta against the popular church.

It may well have been that, but all the might of Haiti's hierarchy dissolved in the face of the eight young people joined in a hunger strike. After six days, during which the crowds in the cathedral grew larger and larger, the bishops were forced to accede to most of the strikers' demands. As a final slap in the hierarchy's face, the kids, fearing a trap, insisted that Aristide give them news of the concessions himself. And indeed he did. After a tense day of negotiations and waiting, and more hunger for the strikers, three bishops, flanked by almost every member of the pro-



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gressive clergy, arrived to say a brief mass in the cathedral and to make the required statements. Then Aristide appeared. The crowd of about 4,000 rose with one huge cry and could hardly be stilled to hear what the priest had to say. His tone, for once, was joyous and congratulatory. "The happiness we feel tonight after this historic victory," he said, "is just a slice from the cake of contentment that we will one day share. . . . One day, we will reap the rewards of what we have done inside the church and inside our nation, so that this struggle will finally end, and we will be able to turn that slice into a whole cake of contentment and all sit down at God's table—at the table of brotherhood—and share that cake together as brothers and sisters. Amen." The imagery of luxurious food is powerful in this starving country, but more powerful was Aristide's rasping call, from the belly of the cathedral where Jean-Claude Duvalier was allowed to marry the divorced Michèle Bennett, for the junta to step aside, to *rache manyok*.

Four days later, a religious festival north of town was disrupted by five men who started shooting just as Aristide was about to speak. He and three other progressive priests fled the scene, ultimately heading south that night toward Port-au-Prince. After being fruitlessly searched for arms at an army blockade, the car in which the four were riding was stopped by a band of thugs wearing shorts and armed with machetes, rocks and a few guns. "Here's Aristide," they shouted. "Communists!" They battered the car and the priests with large stones, smashing faces, breaking arms and shattering all the car's windows but one. Aristide, on the floor in the back, covered with a soutane, was only slightly wounded. The stones were still flying when the driver of the car saw a small opening in the roadblock, and gunned the car through it. He drove another thirty miles in the pouring rain with no lights and no windshield to a small Protestant mission where he and his passengers were taken in for the night. Throughout the attack, soldiers at the blockade less than a hundred meters away had done nothing. In fact, some of the priests reported that a local lieutenant had helped coordinate the assault.

As usual, no one can say what will happen next in Haiti. The United States seems to be sticking with the junta no matter what, and embassy officials say privately that distasteful as the regime is, at least it is a known quantity and is under an obligation to bring about democratic elections, a line that *New York Times* editors have now also taken up. Aside from the Americans, however, it is almost impossible to find anyone in Port-au-Prince today who believes that this junta has any intention of holding free and fair elections, much less of following the timetable scheduling them for this fall. Each act of state violence during the past two months, Haitians point out, has generated another demonstration or strike, until it seems as though the junta is attempting to destabilize the situation in order to use the chaos as an excuse for not holding elections. The junta, in other words, wants to retain power.

Meanwhile, Father Aristide continues his prophetic invective against the system. His telephone, however, is still out of order. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Fritzie'

ELAINE SHOWALTER

FREDA KIRCHWEY: A Woman of *The Nation*. *By Sara Alpern. Harvard University Press. 319 pp. $27.50.*

Sixty years ago, under the direction of its crusading young feminist editor, Freda Kirchwey, *The Nation* published a series of anonymous autobiographical essays on the situation of "liberated" women after the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment. Kirchwey believed that "the women's revolution may mark the first half of this century more deeply than any other social change." Yet she did not contribute to the series on "These Modern Women," in which writers such as Crystal Eastman and Genevieve Taggard expressed their frustration and disillusionment with the first wave of postfeminism in this century. Although she too was struggling to resolve serious conflicts between her private and public life, Kirchwey stayed safely on the editorial sidelines, perhaps reluctant to look too closely at the flaws and costs of what the 1920s called "new-style feminism."

Throughout a significant and turbulent career at *The Nation* from 1918 to 1955, marked at its beginning by personal tragedy and scarred at its end by fierce political battles, Kirchwey, as Sara Alpern's biography makes clear, tended to suppress messy contradictions in the interest of strong ideals. Believing that women ought to be able to combine marriage, motherhood and career, she did not want to face painful truths about the burdens these multiple roles placed on them, at a time when neither the family nor the marketplace had been restructured. Deeply moved by the Russian Revolution and by the vision of socialism, she developed an enthusiasm for the Soviet Union that survived the Moscow trials, Stalinism and the cold war. As she grew older, Kirchwey became ever more barricaded against people and ideas that would force her to give up those cherished beliefs.

Elaine Showalter, a professor of English at Princeton University, edited These Modern Women *(a series of essays first published in* The Nation*) for the Feminist Press.*

As "a woman of *The Nation*," Kirchwey stood out as one of the very few powerful women in the liberal press during the first half of the century, but in another sense, as "a woman of the nation," a modern American woman trying to construct a coherent life of love and work, she was more representative than she knew. Kirchwey seemed born to lead a charmed life, to fulfill all the promises the new century held for bright women. The young "Fritzie," as her well-to-do and progressive family called her, was pretty, popular, quick-witted and always a rebel. As a teenager she adopted Wells, Galsworthy and Shaw as her intellectual fathers; at Barnard she led the fight to abolish sororities, picketed with the striking garment workers and campaigned for women's suffrage. Her college career ended in a blaze of glory, with Kirchwey president of the undergraduate association, voted both "most militant" and "best looking," and engaged to the handsome and brilliant young radical Evans Clark, a history instructor at Princeton.

Although obeying her family's wishes for premarital chastity caused stress for both partners, the engagement period seemed as enchanted as everything that had come before. Freda moved easily into a reporting job for New York City's *Morning Telegraph*; Evans studied Wells to prepare himself for the shared "feminist adventure" of their marriage. As "Fritz" and "Eve" they were an androgynous and high-minded pair, mutually dedicated to sexual freedom and social reform. The start of their marriage in 1915 sounds startlingly similar to a dual-career marriage of the 1980s. Kirchwey kept her maiden name, and commuted every day from Princeton to New York (still not the easiest task) to her job at the *Morning Telegraph*, where she continued to press the suffrage cause, as if the vote could provide the answer to all of women's woes.

But even that first year brought unanticipated trouble. Both she and Evans were sexually inexperienced, and his "conscious objection to 'intense' or 'overwhelming' feelings" kept him from helping her to overcome her own sexual repressions. Both felt defrauded of the sexual ecstasy they had been taught was natural and politically correct. Furthermore, Freda became pregnant within a few months of the marriage. When her first son, Brewster, was born, in September 1916, she quit her job, alluding to the birth as one of "the accidents of fate that had punctuated my professional life." During that year, Clark received notice that his position at Princeton would not be renewed. That spring, after the family had moved to New York, the baby died of gastrointestinal infection at the age of 8 months. It was another eight months before Freda, sick and depressed, could write again.

Her career with *The Nation* began in 1918, when her father's friend Oswald Garrison Villard hired her to write on international relations. Typically, Kirchwey insisted that sexual discrimination played no part in *her* career. Villard was generous with maternity leave, encouraging her to take a few weeks off when she gave birth to her second son, Michael, in 1919. She bragged that she had read Galsworthy on the way to the delivery room, and kept up her pace of research and writing while she recuperated from the birth. But she was unaware of how much she had internalized the pressure to perform like a man, and of how much her career cost her in emotional and physical terms. For nine months she walked home from Greenwich Village to Brooklyn Heights every noon to nurse the baby. Later she admitted that she would "have gotten a lot more satisfaction out of having a baby if I'd taken some time off. It was very hard."

Yet when her next pregnancy coincided with a promotion to acting managing editor of *The Nation* in 1922, Kirchwey was "determined not to let the pregnancy interfere with her job." Although she never made very much money (in the 1950s, her salary was $7,800), Clark's inheritance and his highly paid job as director of the Twentieth Century Fund allowed her to have a nursemaid and a cook. Kirchwey rationalized that she was following the latest advice of behaviorist child-development "experts" like John B. Watson, who urged parents to delegate child care to professional nurses and educators. Michael was sent to nursery school at 18 months; he and the youngest child, Jeffrey, were both dispatched to boarding school when they reached the age of 6. Even when 8-year-old Michael developed psychological problems and a doctor recommended that they spend more time with him,

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Freda and Evans planned a working summer vacation in Europe, leaving the children at a camp in Maryland. No wonder that as an adult, Michael felt bitter toward his parents, and with Oedipal unfairness, especially blamed his mother for neglect. The marriage had problems too; sexual dissatisfaction drove both partners into extramarital affairs, and in 1924 Clark entered psychoanalysis with the Jungian therapist Beatrice Hinkle. Herself "afraid" to undergo analysis, Kirchwey repressed her doubts and fantasies, and worked ever harder at *The Nation*, where her career prospered.

But in 1929, 6-year-old Jeffrey was diagnosed as tubercular, and she took a leave of absence to care for him in Sarasota, Florida—"exile for him and me." After an agonizing and lonely few months during which her husband offered little support besides long-distance sympathy, Jeffrey died. The loss of her son—the favorite child, and certainly the one she had become closest to—was a blow that she could not endure alone, or evade through words. Kirchwey too sought help in psychoanalysis. Unable to have another child, she began to reflect on the stress of balancing family and career: "I always had a feeling of strain, of never being caught up with myself."

Kirchwey returned to *The Nation* in 1932 as executive editor of the editorial board. After this point, Alpern tells us no more about personal problems, or, for that matter, about doubts. Sobered by tragedy, Freda and Evans drew closer together; Michael was a student at Exeter, and *The Nation* became her chief passion and occupation. In 1937, with Evans's money, she bought the magazine outright.

During the 1930s, Kirchwey made *The Nation* a leading voice of protest against fascism. Through reporting, editorials and letters, *The Nation* persistently covered Nazi anti-Semitism and attacked Hitler, Mussolini and Franco. Under her leadership, the magazine supported Roosevelt and the New Deal (although Kirchwey herself voted for Norman Thomas in 1936), cleaving to the ideal of political unity in opposition that she had advocated for the warring factions of the suffrage movement. In her staunch belief in the necessary unity of all antifascists, and her fears of a schism in the left, Kirchwey was reluctant to criticize Soviet totalitarianism.

"We should look upon our journal as a weapon," she wrote, "not a pair of scales—and make it as sharp and deadly as we can." When she believed the cause was just, Kirchwey feared no opposition, even from old friends. After 1939, as *The Nation* moved closer to militancy, supporters of the magazine's pacifist tradition protested, and Villard himself resigned in anger. During the war, her arguments for the expedient abridgement of civil liberties dismayed liberals like Norman Thomas. When the American Civil Liberties Union declared its intention to defend the freedom of the fascist press, Kirchwey withdrew her membership.

But the war years were also her strongest. *The Nation* was among the few journals to publish accounts of the fate of European Jews. An important series in 1943 exposed F.B.I. "character investigation" of government workers as an effort to get rid of progressives and New Dealers. In 1944, 1,430 sponsors, including Albert Einstein, Thomas Mann, Lillian Hellman and Walter Lippmann raised $25,000 to honor Freda Kirchwey's twenty-five years of devoted service to the journal.

After the war, though, the situation was very different. The alliance of writers and editors whose allegiance Kirchwey had controlled collapsed once the war emergency was past. Louis Fischer resigned as contributing editor, accusing *The Nation* of behaving "very much like a party organ" for the Soviet Union and Communism. Robert Bendiner stepped down as associate editor, feeling that his attitudes toward the cold war were too much in conflict with Kirchwey's, although she had never censored him. As Alpern documents, Kirchwey did oppose such drastic Soviet acts as the 1948 coup in Czechoslovakia; but her denunciations of U.S. policy were always harsher. Her persistent Stalinism alienated many of the magazine's most loyal supporters.

Among the chief causes of friction was Kirchwey's appointment of Julio Alvarez Del Vayo, formerly the foreign minister of Republican Spain, as a *Nation* editor. Many thought Del Vayo was a Communist agent; others believed he was Kirchwey's lover, and that he exercised a Svengali-like influence over her actions. While Alpern believes that both these rumors were untrue, their widespread circulation fueled animosity against Kirchwey's editorial policies. When Clement Greenberg, *The Nation*'s former art critic, charged in a letter to the *New Leader* that Del Vayo's columns were a medium for Soviet propa-

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ganda, Kirchwey sued for libel. The long and costly suit ended in a legal stalemate, but its consequences in lost support for Kirchwey were severe.

Within ten years after the war, her own prestige and that of the journal had suffered a precipitous decline. The final blow came in 1953 when, pleading financial difficulties, she fired literary editor Margaret Marshall. For a number of years, the "back of the book," under Marshall's direction, had published anti-Communist and anti-Stalinist reviews that ran counter to the journal's editorial policies. The news of Marshall's firing was skeptically received by the press and by the liberal community. *Time* titled its story "Dissenter Eliminated," and captioned a picture of Marshall "And then there were none."

Boycotted by many of her best contributors and plagued by *The Nation*'s postwar financial deficit, Kirchwey retired in 1955, turning over the editorship to Carey McWilliams. Although she had looked forward to the time when she could write her memoir of *The Nation*, Kirchwey wrote virtually nothing from her retirement until her death, in 1976. "I'm drowning in all my papers," she admitted to a friend. As in the past, she could not bear to confront the record of error as well as that of success.

Despite the many achievements it documents, this book often makes sad reading. In many respects, Kirchwey's story will be familiar to any woman confronting these issues in the 1980s. But Alpern presents her, perhaps inadvertently, as increasingly isolated, workaholic and cold. The absence of anecdotes or descriptions from Kirchwey's relatives, friends and enemies is striking. Although interviews and letters are cited in the notes, Alpern rarely quotes directly from those who knew Kirchwey best, and as a result the woman comes to life less effectively than *The Nation*. For those who want a vivid analysis of American political journalism in a crucial era, this biography will be enormously useful, but for those seeking answers to the problems of women professionals, it will offer scant comfort. □

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Party Lines

FRED PFEIL

MIGUEL MÁRMOL. *By Roque Dalton. Translated by Kathleen Ross and Richard Schaaf. Curbstone Press. 503 pp. $19.95.*

CAUSE AT HEART: A Former Communist Remembers. *By Junius Irving Scales and Richard Nickson. University of Georgia Press. 417 pp. $24.95.*

At the end of "Theses on the Philosophy of History," his final, brilliant effort to translate Marxism into a kind of tragic modernist poetry, Walter Benjamin reminds us that "even the dead will not be safe from the enemy" who rules us by suasion and force in the present. Every political struggle, in other words, involves some tacit argument about the meaning of the past; and every dispute, scholarly or secular, over what belongs to our popular memory has its political stakes.

Thus the primary value of the two books under review. Roque Dalton's *Miguel Mármol* recounts the testimony of a Salvadoran shoemaker who co-founded his country's Communist Party, miraculously survived the government's massacres of 1932 and somehow kept on organizing through the repression of the next twenty-odd years. *Cause at Heart* is the autobiography of one of our own country's former political prisoners, the only person ever convicted and jailed merely for his membership in the U.S. Communist Party. Both Miguel Mármol and Junius Scales have much to tell us, then, about their political communities—first assaulted by the state powers they opposed, then erased by the official historical accounts that followed—and about the calamities they have lived through.

In fact, the narratives of *Miguel Mármol* and *Cause at Heart* are each structured around a central catastrophe. In Scales's book, the disaster is the C.P.'s self-destruction in the 1940s and 1950s, thanks to its sectarianism, authoritarianism and devoted subservience to the Soviet Union. In *Miguel Mármol*, it is the failure of the popular insurrection against the military dictatorship of Gen. Maximiliano Hernández Martínez in 1932, and the mass murder that followed. Yet this commonality also brings us straight up against the most striking difference between these two books and their authors. Reading Mármol's extraordinarily rich, complex *testimonio*, it is impossible to mistake the steadfastness of his revolutionary faith or his desire that his account be of practical use to the generations of militants who came after him. Drifting along with *Cause at Heart*'s good-natured, imperturbable flow, it is at times hard to remember what the whole trip is for or about.

Yet many North American readers will find *Cause at Heart* the more familiar, and perhaps the easier to take, of the two books. It begins, after all, by declaring itself to be a perfectly conventional autobiography with scrupulously narrow ambitions. Scales's friend and co-author, Richard Nickson, tells us in his introduction that "the book was not written with the thought of attaining the lofty reaches of didacticism. Rather, the modest aim was to render as justly as possible that always unique account, one man's life as seen by himself." And Scales himself expresses the quiet hope that "I can now perhaps recapture something of the earlier days of my life, observing them with some indulgence, some pity, and certainly with some guilt and amazement—especially my encounter with a consuming ideology." Throughout his account of life in the American C.P.—from the eve of the Nazi-Soviet pact in 1939, which Scales the new recruit dutifully defended, to the party's dogmatic defense of the Soviet invasion of Hungary in 1956, which completed his long disillusionment—Scales's tone and emphasis remain consistent with such limited aims. Historians of the period will find useful descriptions here of the party's role in organizing, civil rights work and the war effort, of cadre training, sectarian infighting and, not least, of Scales's own U.S. government-produced show trial.

Yet through all this valuable history, and even through that of his trial and imprisonment, Scales's genial, literate voice never breaks into urgency, never rises to cry out or proclaim: It remains as eerie as the speaking clock you can dial on the telephone. That is why, for all Scales's honesty, idealism and in-

Fred Pfeil is the author of Goodman 2020 *(Indiana University Press) and* Shine On, *forthcoming from Lynx House Press.*

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telligence, his account of a life of nearly constant political and moral struggle feels strangely hollow at the core, and why I eventually came to read the inappropriateness of his doggedly good-natured prose at least in part as a symptom of the toll that struggle exacted, of the exhaustion of a good man.

For staunch party militant Miguel Mármol, now 82 and living happily in Havana, any empathy with Scales or agreement with his critique of the American C.P. would likely register as so much counterrevolutionary sympathy for the devil. Indeed, one of the pleasures of his *testimonio*, for us and no doubt for him, is that of naming the names of those who deserted or betrayed *la causa* over the years. So, for example, he says of a petit-bourgeois intellectual and former comrade:

> He was one of those brilliant fellows whose talent and skills you could see in his hands and eyes. He would always come to meetings telling about modest organizing successes and of great plans for the future. . . . His later destiny turned out to be a true shame—his lack of political conviction disguised as a conversion to Christianity that not even the priests have ever believed. But that's life. Or to put it better, that's the class struggle inside the heads of the allies of the proletariat.

That sense of direct speech persists throughout the book. Like all *testimonios*, *Miguel Mármol* is a transcription—in this case by Roque Dalton, Salvadoran revolutionary poet and martyr—of a previously suppressed voice, rising up to address those with the privilege of time and literacy in the hope that a community and history may be preserved. "My name is Rigoberta Menchú," says the Quecha Indian activist from Guatemala, in her *testimonio* dictated to Elisabeth Burgos-Debray: "I am twenty-three years old. This is my testimony. I didn't learn it from a book and I didn't learn it alone. I'd like to stress that it's not only *my* life, it's also the testimony of my people." And Mármol says to Roque Dalton:

> You ask who am I to talk this way, like I'm giving a lesson to the whole world? Well, simply and humbly, one old communist among millions of communists, who's risked his skin, and not just once, for the revolution, for the communist movement, and who's not talking at the moment for philosophers, for deep intellectuals, but only and exclusively for everyday revolutionaries, plain and simple.

The *testimonio* thus destabilizes our received notions of what authorship is and what autobiography is for. Through its pages the voice of popular memory itself pours out in a torrent of discourse, which the author-intellectual must merely transcribe onto the page. Yet in *Miguel Mármol*, granddaddy of all *testimonios* (it has been available in Spanish since the early 1970s), it is especially clear that while the witnessing voice may indeed speak for and from a given collectivity, it is by no means a uniform one. If, as Roque Dalton claims in his introduction, "comrade Mármol is the prototypical incarnation of the Latin American communist worker and peasant leader of what is usually called 'the classical period,' 'the heroic era,' of the Parties that . . . sprang up and developed in nearly every country on the [South American] continent," we recognize and understand his typicality through the astonishing variety of his experiences and the resulting mix of voices he must use to recount them.

This is a man, after all, whose life stretches across El Salvador's long bloody transition from feudal oligarchy to peripheral client state: a man born peasant and bastard in a starving village called Ilopango, now the site of a major air base from which the agents of *El Norte* run their not-so-covert operations in Nicaragua and coordinate air strikes on civilians in much of El Salvador as well. Mármol has worked as a fisherman, a shoemaker and even, for a brief time in his adolescence, a servant to that same National Guard he came to hate. He has organized more than one indigenous federation of workers and peasants, and helped to mobilize at least one such grouping for armed revolt; he has been visited by something that might have been the Ciguanaba, mythical temptress, daughter of the god of rain; he traveled to the Soviet Union, as a Salvadoran Communist delegate to the World Congress of Red Trade Unions, in 1930; and, in *la matanza* that followed the collapse of the popular insurrection against Mártinez, he was put up against a wall with a crowd of other militants, shot repeatedly and left for dead. Necessarily, then, his voice is a whole ensemble of voices, capable of shuttling with astonishing speed from a deadpan directness and pungent humor about his own experiences, to a concise analysis of Salvadoran politics, to a sometimes jargon-clouded swatch of Marxist-Len-

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nist abstractions concerning the Real Meaning of It All in the Grand Imperialist Scheme of Things.

Yet if these latter passages are the most opaque, off-putting and at times irrelevant in the loose weave of Mármol's narrative, there is significance in their very misshapenness and inadequacy. They tell us at one and the same time how sustaining is Mármol's faith in Marxism-Leninism as a kind of pure science that, if studied and applied correctly, will show you just what to do, and how primitive his understanding of Marxist theory per se really is. "I'm a Marxist-Leninist," he says, "who knows he's not familiar with most of Marxism-Leninism, and who's got inside his head many problems that the comrades say don't fit in with Marxism-Leninism, many approaches and viewpoints that the comrades say are incredible in a communist of my age, like for example certain apparent superstitions, bad habits that seem to be religious, etc." It is, in fact, that whole dense, various core of "approaches and viewpoints" that makes this book so aesthetically rich and politically indispensable—that core, plus Mármol's truly Marxist understanding that struggle is the only way to redeem the fallen from the past. "The dead weighed heavily on us," says Mármol, in the wake of 1932 and of all the murder that has followed since then:

> But they also weighed the other way around, picking us up, if I'm getting across what I mean. It was like, how could you accept that you were wrong when you knew that people like el Negro Marti, Luna and Zapata had died for our truth? We were ignorant and we felt ignorant. I'm old now, and I'm still ignorant. But the bourgeoisie won't ever defeat us by knowing more. That's not the issue. It's one of the historical laws. And even if we didn't manage those laws well, we sensed them, smelled them, we felt them on the tip of our tongues. And we survived. And we survive. And we are in the heat of the fight.

Miguel Mármol is an extraordinary literary document and political resource, a book one wants to read, think through and quote from again and again. Curbstone Press, which already boasts an estimable backlist of titles by such leftist poets and writers as Sara Miles, James Scully, Otto René Castillo and Roque Dalton himself, deserves our praise and gratitude for bringing this classic text to us in English at last. □

BOOK NOTES.

WAYNE LIONEL APONTE

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SLAVE GIRL: Written by Herself. *By Harriet A. Jacobs. Edited by Jean Yellin Fagan. Harvard University Press. 252 pp. $37.50. Paper $9.95.*

"Slavery is terrible for men; but it is far more terrible for women." Writing these words in 1861, Harriet Jacobs, a newly emancipated fugitive slave, announced the special subject of her narrative: her struggle, as a woman and mother, against sexual oppression in slavery. That subject, along with her literary style, makes Jacobs's work unique in the genre of the slave narrative. She is careful to identify herself as a woman and her audience as female; and her style is that of a sentimental novelist, selecting and shaping incidents from her life. That uniqueness has caused many scholars to doubt the authenticity of the narrative, but the recent discovery by Jean Yellin Fagan of a cache of Jacobs's letters has confirmed her authorship. This new edition of *Incidents* is the first to appear under Jacobs's own name, instead of the name she gives her narrator, Linda Brent.

Jacobs's Brent tells a double tale. On the one hand, she dramatizes her successful struggle to liberate herself and her children: She prevents her master from raping her, arranges for her children to be rescued from him, escapes and finally gains her freedom. On the other hand, she relates her failure to adhere to the morality taught her by her grandmother. While she suffers terrible guilt over this, she also questions the condemnation of her behavior, suggesting that the sexual standards mandated for free women are not relevant to women in slavery. Still, Jacobs's narrator does not characterize herself as a passive victim: "I will not try to screen myself behind the plea of compulsion from a master; for it was not so. Neither can I plead ignorance or thoughtlessness. . . . I knew what I did, and did it with deliberate calculations."

What she did was this: In a desperate attempt to prevent her hated master from forcing her into concubinage, she relinquished her "purity" to another white man, thus gaining for herself a measure of "self-respect" and at least minimal control over her own life. She describes becoming another man's mistress as a gesture of defiance against her master: "It was something to triumph over my tyrant even in that small way." Despite her escape from him and her flight North, Brent does not win her freedom until the final pages. The pattern of perpetual struggle is underscored by her efforts to free her children. Although their white father buys them away from their mother's hated master, that presents a new threat: because their father does not free them, they are not out of danger until the end of the book.

Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl is a major work in the canon of writing by Afro-American women. In her signed preface, Jacobs is clearly aware of her special mission: "I do earnestly desire to arouse the women of the North to a realizing sense of the condition of two millions of women at the South, still in bondage." Seen from this angle, Jacobs's book—reaching across the gulf separating black women from white, slave from free, poor from rich, "bad" women from "good"—represents an early attempt to establish an American sisterhood. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Red Grooms

Hobbes, in his quirky lexicon of feelings, defines laughter as "sudden glory"—a thought so pungent and abrupt as nearly to illustrate itself. Sudden glory is made objective and palpable in the assembled work of Red Grooms, and it is this quality to which one immediately responds as the elevator opens onto the fourth floor of the Whitney Museum of American Art, given over entirely to this artist's singular *clownerie* (until October 18). And since in the precincts of high art the generosity of the clown, bent on the sudden instillation of glory in his viewers, is so rare a virtue, it is worth dilating for a moment on the moral psychology of the artistic goof, a role Grooms has chosen as a way to mediate between audience and reality.

It is not simply that as a clown he is concerned with causing pleasure—a

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motive so tepid that aestheticians have at times been able to characterize the whole of art in its slack unhelpful terms. It is a pleasure of a specific kind, involving an accommodation to a reality possessed of a certain power or even awesomeness—like Manhattan, or like art itself, conceived of in the nearly sacred terms sometimes accorded it. When the reality falls short of this, and the distances between viewer and reality are correspondingly less vast, clowning degenerates into buffoonery. Grooms occupies a critical space that borders on the latter, or even includes it at times, and the work then takes on the unredeemed slapstick vulgarity of the joke shop. Every form of artistic expression has its peculiar form of failure, the abyss that artistry has to risk as the price of triumph. The mere mess, for example, is the obverse of the spontaneous glory that is Pollock's high achievement. Sheer grotesqueness is the risk one runs in courting distortion. Pallidness is the dark side of purity. Bombast is the shadow cast by exaltation. Incomprehensibility is the penalty the parodist pays in choosing too obscure a subject. The silly is the downside of the sly. Grooms's motives are of such transparent goodness that one loves him even when he falters or flops. For we are always conscious that it is our own well-being that drives him.

Puritanism was sufficiently rife in Hobbes's world that laughter was under suspicion, and his own misanthropy was deep enough that he used the occasion of a discussion on laughter to expose once again the smallness of the human soul. Sudden glory, he tells us, is among other things caused in people "by the apprehension of some deformed thing in another, whereof they suddenly applaud themselves." He goes on to say (excluding himself through the pronoun), "It is incident most to them, that are conscious of fewest abilities in themselves; who are forced to keep themselves in their own favor, by observing the imperfections of other men." It follows that the propensity to laughter weakens with an increase in self-confidence, and a society secure in its complacency would be as little in need of clowns as one of moral purity would stand in need of a redeemer. But then the need for laughter must be an index of our insecurity, and there is a kind of parallel, embodied in the literary character of the fool, between the clown and the savior. Both lower themselves, both take upon themselves the burden of a sacrifice, in order that others should be lifted up. It is neither here nor there that the sacrificer should himself be fulfilled through this supererogatory act.

The art of the clown differs from that of the caricaturist, in that the latter seizes on certain defects, and uses them in order to lower the subject through ridicule. It is for this reason that cartooning has a natural and obvious political location, and is a kind of weapon for bringing down the high and mighty. The clown, by contrast, underlines the same imperfections as a way of raising the audience in its own esteem. The lesson of the caricature is that the subject is no better than we are, bringing him down to our level. The effect of the clown is to show that we are as good as the subject, thus raising us to his level. There is something mean about the caricaturist and something proportionately generous about the clown—but it has also always been easier in politics to bring down the privileged than to raise the general standard. In any case, when the distance between the audience and

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the subject is perceived as vast, and the shrinking of that distance is sensed as abrupt, sudden glory is phenomenologically exact as a representation of the resulting change in moral focus. Grooms, as an artist, has a theatrical identity just because his aim is the transformation of his viewers rather than the production of an interesting visual object. To treat him as though he were the latter kind of artist, someone for whom visual delectation were primary, is altogether to misrepresent his virtues and his fallings off. At its best, his work engages us internally and morally, but even at its worst the intentions have the goodness only possessed by the moral will.

Stylistically, and perhaps temperamentally, the work and the will are connected. Grooms is incapable of biting caricature, even when his aims are political and his feelings enraged, as in his 1967 construction *Patriot's Parade*, which shows Lyndon Johnson, a skull painted inside the crown of his doffed Stetson, stomping down some demonstrators with his ornamental cowboy boots, while a demure Miss Napalm stands by and patriots wave the red, white and blue. One of them treads on a redheaded girl who holds aloft a wooden daffodil. For all its guns-versus-flowers indignation, part of the sentimentality of its era, the work remains merely comical—and it could not have looked very different in the 1960s when the protest that engendered it was acute. This is because Grooms early adopted, and never (unless recently) relinquished, the broad exaggerations of the comic strip, and specifically that order of representation the comic artist uses to show that violent feeling and violent action are taking place, deploying a system of visual signs, in themselves often funny, to attain communication. Think of how shock and surprise would be represented in that vocabulary: a man would be shown with his eyes literally popping out of his head like Ping-Pong balls, his tongue lolling out, gobs and not just drops of sweat emitted by his contorted brow, as a lightbulb flashes in a thought balloon over him and an involuntary "ULP!" escapes from his Adam's apple. The comic-strip body is infinitely elastic and graphically immortal—its limbs can twist like rubber hoses, it can land KERPLUNK on its head, but no damage is ever final. The Katzenjammer Kids may blow Der Captain and Der Inspector skyhigh in a shower of stars and smoke—BLAM-M-M-M!—but they will get walloped in the last frame by the blackened and indestructible figures of authority. One cannot help reading little balloons over the heads of Grooms's demonstrators—"OUCH!" "HEY!" "@&#!"—and Little Miss Napalm looks about as threatening as the girl in corkscrew curls who embodies the otherness of gender for Dennis the Menace. Grooms's whole style, addressed precisely to the muting and transformation of threat in order to make the threatening world more humane and tractable, is precisely antithetical to the transmission of political outrage. Sometimes comedy is just the wrong way to address a subject one wants to do something about, which explains, I think, the failure of Chaplin in seeking to turn Hitler into the Little Tramp in jackboots.

But the stylistic boundaries that so inhibit Grooms's in any case infrequent transports of political criticism serve him magnificently in the far more characteristic healing interventions of the clown. This is nowhere better realized than in his masterpiece, *Ruckus Manhattan*, conceived of in 1974 and shown to its widest audience in 1976 at the Marlborough Gallery. *Ruckus Manhattan* is an assemblage on a grand scale of a dozen components, each of them a part of New York City. Five of these, including *Subway* and *Wall Street*, are now on display. It was an immense collaborative effort between Grooms, his then-wife Mimi Gross, and a dilating band of the faithful; and its looseness and genial anarchy reflect the chaos of New York itself. But the work was a kind of miraculous transformation that can only be appreciated against a city startlingly different from the one a recent flyer from *New York* gushingly celebrates: "And now . . . the resurgence of the city—new offices, high-rises, hotels, towers . . . landmarks restored, neighborhoods revived . . . new restaurants, theaters, galleries, shops . . ." The New York of the early 1970s was a sour, shabby, hopeless, decaying agglomeration of failing neighborhoods, on the edge of receivership, and one had the sense that in whatever way it is appropriate to speak of a social fabric, ours had unraveled. The city Grooms addressed was the shaken metropolis whose emblem was the graffiti-scorched subway, evidence that things had gone altogether out of control. It was absolutely appropriate that Grooms should have made the subway the centerpiece of *Ruckus Manhattan*, and absolutely inspired that one should have entered the work, at the Marlborough, through the shaking BMT car, a kinetic counterpart to the great gate of the Inferno. Yet in antithesis to Dante's symbol, one did not leave hope behind in entering Man-

A SKETCH FROM THE CAMPAIGN IN THE NORTH

Just before dawn the women are washing
skirts and blouses, slacks from Hong Kong
scrubbing their cotton on pock-marked boulders
cleaning their limbs with mud and lemons
along the turbid river.
At the edge of the jungle in surplus tents
the men are talking without weakness or strength
of the recent change in the government.
On the other bank the soldiers are waiting
for the sun to rise from the hills behind them
not smoking, not talking, in place and unmoving
as the leaves above them waver.
The day unfolds as if kept in a folder
on a desk in the capitol.
The sun rises and blinds the river
the soldiers line up and fire from its cover
the air is gravid with sulfur
the river takes blood without changing color
a siren signals the end of the hour
and later in the capitol
word is leaked to the foreign papers—
not even their souls climbed free to safety.
There are no handholds up that wall of light.

Vijay Seshadri

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hattan in effigy, but acquired hope amid the familiar sights, given a comic face and an affecting silliness, a clumsy grace and a sudden glory. I date the turnaround of New York from *Ruckus Manhattan*, and take a certain chauvinistic satisfaction, as a New Yorker and a member of the art world, that an art gallery should have been the scene of our symbolic revival through the spirit of comedy.

"I had to do Manhattan, you know? I had to get it out," Grooms once said, conveying the urgency of a project that cost him a great deal in his personal life, in order, as he put it, that "people could enjoy it, party around it, just be sociable in its general vicinity." It is in this readiness to sacrifice oneself for the enhancement of others that I situate the high vocation of the clown, but because the reality he next addressed, in his *Ruckus Rodeo* of 1976, has none of the terrible power possessed by a sinking city, he stepped, in making it, from clown to buffoon. These mark the extremes, I think, of his competence and gift, and limit, as in the example of *Patriot's Parade*, the effect of his transformations. In the early dawn, after a legendary boozy night, Socrates said, "The genius of comedy is the same as that of tragedy, and the true artist in tragedy is an artist in comedy also." This may be true for words and for music—Shakespeare and Verdi make his point—but I am uncertain that it is true for images. A Disney production of The Greatest Story Ever Told (with Mickey as Jesus and Minnie as Mary Magdalene) would raise, if nothing else, serious questions of taste. Even when Grooms cares deeply about something, like the death of Picasso, his reflexes betray him, and it is difficult to see his print *Picasso Goes to Heaven* (not exhibited here) as more than a kind of comic valentine to a dead genius.

Lately, I feel, Grooms has been breaking through the carapace of funny-paper expression by appropriating styles that resonate marvelously with his subject. Of course he did that at times in earlier and less exacting works, such as his charming 1963 fold-out *Le Banquet Pour le Douanier Rousseau*, in which he borrows an effigy of Liberty from Rousseau's own *Liberty Summoning Artists to Exhibit at the Salon des Indépendents*, to sound a trumpet voluntary over the heads of the celebrants at that legendary occasion in 1908. But I have in mind his use of the style belonging to the artists he depicts in his portraits of them and their work, shown recently at the Marlborough, and most particularly in his huge *tableaux à clef* of the Cedar Bar. It is sad that the Whitney was unable to secure this work for its version of the exhibition launched by the Pennsylvania Academy in 1985, for it really belongs in the atmosphere of a museum of American art. It shows the giants of the New York school flirting, discoursing, brawling and sprawling in the lamented drinking place, and is painted in the style of late 1940s figurative art. My memory may deceive me, but it seems to me that Grooms had done it in the style of his own teacher of the era, Gregorio Prestopino, in which case it is twice over an act of piety and a confession of loyalty to the sources of his artistic being.

Grooms is in the deepest sense a public artist, perhaps the only real public artist we have. There are plenty of artists ready at the drop of a commission to stick a piece of themselves in public space, but public art, as I have often said in these columns, is not the same as art in public places. It is, rather, art that transforms the consciousness that defines us as a public, that gives us an identity as a community from within. Grooms brings this about by using styles that reach outside the art world, and have a powerful connection to popular art—and then, such is his goodness and his generosity, he brings the art world together with the real world in a kind of visual feast. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

La Tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea
Las Bacantes
The Bacchae

A *Chorus Line* recently celebrated its 5,000th performance at the Schubert Theater. Like London's *Mousetrap* or Off Broadway's *Fantasticks*, *A Chorus Line* has achieved an institutional status that may allow it to run forever, becoming one of the sights of the city that every tourist must take in, every child be brought to view before the onset of puberty. If so, the benefits will extend to all New Yorkers, for its profits provide a sinecure to Joseph Papp's originating Public Theater, which has been enabled thereby to sponsor a number of undertakings not otherwise so reliably fundable—notably, the Festival Latino, returning to the Public Theater for the eleventh year. The festival imports live theater, movies and a little music from all quarters of the Spanish-speaking world by way of providing a Hispanic equivalent to the service the Public Theater regularly provides the city's English-speaking majority: a bit of cultural couth, some high style, art for art's sake instead of for money's.

My competence in Spanish is of the Berlitz phrase-book variety at best. "I think your country is very beautiful," was about my highest pitch of eloquence. Accordingly, my qualifications as a reviewer of the festival's offerings are minimal, but since I very much enjoyed what I may not at all have understood, I will presume to shout my few gringo-ish *Olé*'s anyhow.

Earphones were provided for *La Tragicomedia de Calisto y Melibea*, performed by Venezuela's Fundación Rajatabla, so a surtitle-like sense glimmered through, but I suspect that even with an ear trained to parse every word of the modernized and much-abbreviated text, I would have been confounded by this 500-year-old drama. The story of Fernando de Rojas's *La Celestina* (to give it its usual title; there is a translation available from Penguin called *The Spanish Bawd*) is plain as an army blanket: Calisto loves the beautiful Melibea and recruits the services of a 70-year-old procuress, Celestina, to accomplish the seduction. After twenty-one acts (reduced, blessedly, to two in this production) Melibea has been betrayed by her servants, ravished by Calisto, and all the principals have died for their sins—all in a manner utterly inexplicable to me, but lovely even so.

As directed by Carlos Giminez, with Jodorowski-like mad excess, the actors perform the subtext with every liberty the modern stage allows, while they declaim the revamped text with liturgical solemnity. Javier Zapata and Mariu Favaro as the young lovers are role-model objects of desire, and Alexander Milic plays Celestina in drag with Ludlamite glee. The staging (sets and costumes by Rafael Reyeros; lighting by David Blanco) in the Public Theater's churchlike Lu Esther Hall conveyed an appropriately schizzy blend of baroque pomp and soft-core porn. Whether de Rojas's venerable text has been violated unconscionably I'll never know, but I certainly was not alone in applauding

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vigorously for the resulting witches' Sabbath.

I feel on surer ground enthusing over La Cuadra de Sevilla's *Las Bacantes*, which the program describes as "inspired by" Euripides' *The Bacchae*. The connection is tenuous, but no contemporary production of a Greek tragedy can hope to be "authentic." What matters is whether it works, and *Las Bacantes* does. Salvador Távora, the company's founder and the play's director, has staged it as a flamenco Passion play, diminishing the role of Euripides' Pentheus so drastically that the program, symptomatically, did not even credit the actor performing what remained of the role. The star of the evening was Manuela Vargas as Agave, whose flamenco dancing was never less than (forgive the pun) riveting. Juan Romero as Dionysus conveyed a slinky allure that smacked more of the back alley than of Olympus but was undeniably authoritative. Even the chorus came across as theatrically on target, a rare accomplishment. Although on a smaller scale than *The Gospel at Colonnus*, *Las Bacantes* represents the same alchemical miracle, combining impassioned "folk art" with the perdurable pities and terrors of classic drama.

For sheer theatrical magic and impact, beyond the thrills of the flamenco overlay, *Las Bacantes* was even more exciting than the grand-mannered *Tragicomedia* of the Venezuelan company. Its first great *coup de théâtre* came when an odd water wheel–like contraption at center stage was set in motion and the members of the chorus were fitted, one by one, into place as its paddles, to become a living wheel of fortune that embodied both a classical and a medieval image of tragic fate. The second great moment came with the slaughter of Pentheus, when an offstage chorus of hounds was set to baying and a single live hound strained against its leash at stage left and then, after the chorus had scattered gobbets of Pentheus' flesh about the stage, was released to devour the dinner he had so well merited for his performance. Such carnivorous realism could only have issued from the land of the *corrida*. There was not a jaw in the house that didn't gape.

Two *Bacchae* in the space of twelve days must certainly be accounted a critical embarrassment of riches, but such was my embarrassment, thanks to a trip to my native Minneapolis, where I saw a preview of *The Bacchae* at the Guthrie Theater. It was directed by Liviu Ciulei, who also designed the massive set, a styrofoam Wall of Thebes that self-destructs to supply some excitement for the first-act curtain. Excitement was otherwise in short supply, but who says tragedy should be fun? (Liviu Ciulei is who.)

The almost insurmountable problem of performing Greek tragedy in English is that in proportion as the text is readily understandable it forfeits the density and oomph of poetry. The main exception that I've seen is Yeats's *Oedipus the King* as filmed by the namesake and founder of the Guthrie Theater. Kenneth Cavander's "new English version," by contrast, has all the demerits of the New English Version of the Bible. Its lucidities register, especially in the choral passages, as so many fortune cookies. But even in dialogue the language has been pared down to the comprehension level of a 10-year-old. "So clever!" Pentheus chides Dionysos at one point. "So clever, but all that cleverness misused."

As bacchantes the ladies of the chorus did not appear to pose any discernible danger to the civil order of Thebes. They swirled their heavy gypsy skirts and shook their bangled arms at the balcony and declaimed their fortune cookies, but the effect was rather of a feminist rally than of women mad for Bacchus. Indeed, Pentheus' soldiery, clad in sex-boutique body harnesses designed by Patricia Zipprodt, came across as a funkier contingent than the Bacchae. It did not help that the Bacchae's leader, Lorraine Toussaint, was encouraged to add to her considerable natural dignity by overarticulating the final consonant of every word like a mad elocution teacher.

When the chorus wasn't rallying for women's rights, the principals often had opportunities to demonstrate their professional competence, which none did more ably than Trazana Beverley as Agave, who transited from raving madness to quiet sorrow with aplomb. In the role of Kadmos, gravel-voiced Guthrie veteran Ken Ruta managed by sheer vocal mastery to make Cavander's bland prose sound like blank verse. Michael Cumpsty was as good a Pentheus as was possible under the circumstances provided by Ciulei and Cumpsty's co-star, Peter Francis James. James made a physically persuasive Dionysos, though his high-toned Royal Academy of Dramatic Art accent sorted oddly with the other actors' American voices (though not as oddly as Thomas Ikeda, who played Teiresias as a sing-songy Oriental guru). More problematically, James's Dionysos was as ill-tempered and humorless as any Jehovah, not to say priggish—just the god, in fact, that the chorus seemed to require. When Pentheus finally succumbs to Dionysos' allure and becomes a giddy transvestite, it shouldn't register entirely as farce. The audience should be implicated in his flipped-out erotomania, but in Minneapolis the audience just had a safe giggle at a silly drag queen. I had a distinct feeling that director and cast were all playing down to the audience, or playing safe. (However, in terms of avoiding the play's subversive content, La Cuadra de Sevilla was even more pussyfooting, treating the crucial scene of Pentheus' feminization as though he were being vested in a priestly stole.) *The Bacchae* is a play about the splendors, miseries and political dangers of freaking out, and any production that tries to do justice to Euripides' vision should take its audience close to the brink. In the precedent-setting touring production by the Performance Group, *Dionysus in '69*, the audience had a chance to get undressed, cavort with the cast and court arrest by the local police. At the Guthrie we were edified—and not a little bored. □

FILMS.

TERRENCE RAFFERTY

Wish You Were Here

Among its other virtues, David Leland's *Wish You Were Here* has a perfect title. This modest story of a teen-age girl in an English coastal resort in the 1950s is the kind of small, intimate movie that works best when we can feel the urgency, the inevitability, of the characters' connection to their place and time—when the filmmakers, in a sense, persuade us to wish we were there. This isn't a trivial effect, or at least it needn't be. Watching Leland's film, we don't actually wish to have grown up in this dreary town (unnamed in the movie, but in fact Worthing, near Brighton), or to have shared the experiences of the heroine, Lynda (Emily Lloyd), which are often pretty grim. The sort of pleasure this movie affords is a delicate thing, and has more to do with knowl-

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edge than anything else. Most movies—Hollywood movies especially—offer us brief vacations from our daily lives, but vacations of a very particular sort: package tours to places that never were, Disney Worlds, places made to be visited, not lived in. *Wish You Were Here* provides another sort of holiday, in which the traveler simply takes up residence, for two weeks or a month, in a place where other people make their permanent home, and indulges in the soothing fantasy of trading his everyday landscape for theirs—in the satisfaction of imagining himself a native, comfortable in the small ways, an ephemeral neighbor, a secret sharer. In this picture, Leland gives us that oddly marvelous sensation of unknown streets becoming familiar, of blending in with the regulars of strange cafes. For the traveler, the banalities of other people's lives can seem exotic, a kind of theater. The attitude may be a little corrupt, even voyeuristic, but that's movies.

The beauty of *Wish You Were Here* is that, in an unobtrusive (perhaps not fully conscious) way, the film is about discovering the transience of the holiday sense of life. In the windy, forlorn resort where Lynda lives, with her gruff father and goody-goody sister (her mother is dead), this 15-year-old girl is determined to have fun, as if she were vacationing there herself. An air of disappointment hangs over this town—we can almost feel the dismay of tourists who come looking for fresh sea air and are greeted instead by chilly gusts and perpetually cloudy skies—but Lynda, for a while, seems blessed with the rebellious grace that turns everything to her advantage. The wind lifts her skirt so she can show her legs, the cloud-strained light makes her skin milky and fair, and even her rotten jobs—as a hairdressing trainee, a bus dispatcher, a counter girl at a fish-and-chips stand, a waitress in a stuffy hotel—seem to provide her, before they come to their abrupt ends, with *something*: Each one gives her a stage on which she can display her high spirits and vulgar wit to the world at large. She likes to make a spectacle of herself.

Her father, along with most of the rest of the town, sees this lively kid as an embarrassment. Actually she's the only person in town (aside from a rather too symbolic old tart who tap-dances to gramophone records on the boardwalk at the beginning and the end of the film) who has a glimmer of the real spirit of the place: She's easy, uninhibited, ready to be taken. What her family and neighbors understand and she doesn't, quite, is that *living* in a place that promises refreshment and carefree fun to others isn't necessarily all that much fun. If anything, the other residents know this too well: Their faces look creased and worn from the effort of smiling at strangers. This is an inspired setting for a coming-of-age movie. Every shot of this town seems to suggest, simultaneously, great expectations and weary letdowns. There's a garish, fantasy-fed, movie-set optimism to the dance halls and boardwalk storefronts, but it all looks a little dilapidated—as if everything's been used too frequently and too hard, and the residents can't quite muster the spirit to maintain the bright facades. In one of Leland's most beautiful shots, the camera pans up the legs of a huge cardboard cutout of Betty Grable, in full pinup splendor, rising above the movie theater's marquee—as Lynda (who's fond of encouraging the local boys to compare her gams to Grable's) climbs the stairs to tell her projectionist lover, a seedy middle-aged drifter (Tom Bell), that he's got her pregnant and she's been thrown out of the house.

As with most coming-of-age movies, *Wish You Were Here* is more entertaining before the heroine starts learning the hard lessons of experience. Toward the end, the tone drifts and wavers a bit, and the insights seem more ordinary. But Leland, a writer directing for the first time, has a complex sensibility that's perfectly tuned to the ambiguities of this story and this setting. The realism of his style isn't oppressive, because it's mixed with a sense of wonder, wholly uncondescending, at the dogged frivolity of resort décor. And when "experience" rears its ugly head, he doesn't use it punitively: He won't allow his heroine to be beaten down with homilies, or the viewer to be flogged with drab, stark compositions. He's aided by Emily Lloyd's superbly natural and buoyant performance, and by the elegant, imaginative cinematography of Ian Wilson. It probably also helps to know that Leland's script is based on the early experiences of Cynthia Payne, whose grown-up exploits inspired the very funny *Personal Services*, directed by Terry Jones from a Leland script. In that picture, Julie Walters played a good-natured, foul-mouthed madam, whose brothel provides satisfaction of benignly kinky tastes. It's a sexual vacation land with thrilling (but not too dangerous) rides,

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and it seems just the right spot for a girl like Lynda to have ended up in: a fantasy theater, but—experience has taught her this much—a discreet, private one. She's found a way, apparently, to keep the promises that seedy resort towns can't: Her playhouse fulfills the wildest desires with a brisk, pragmatic spirit. The madam's clients, like vacationers, just want to get in and out of their fantasies cleanly, without having to integrate them into the mess of their everyday lives—without having to *live* in them. The girl in *Wish You Were Here* clearly understands that feeling very, very well.

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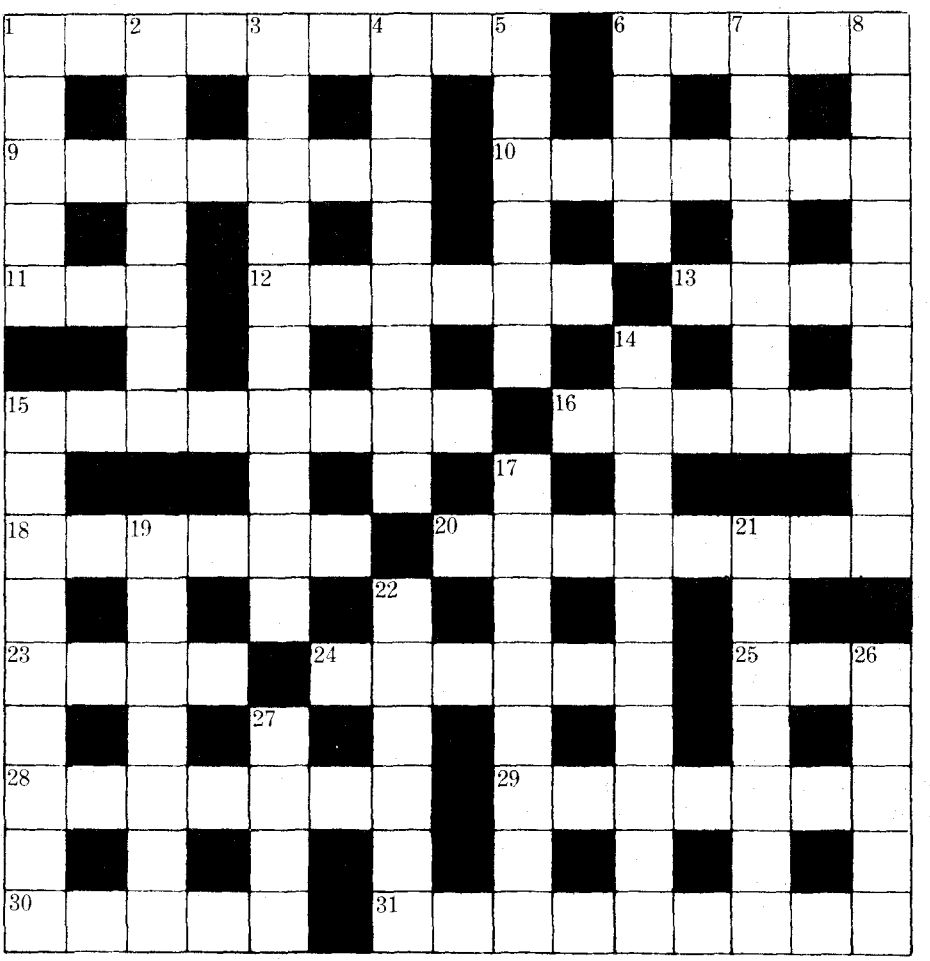
Crossword Puzzle No. 2163

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Miss Otis was in her proper "egret," fully dressed. (9)
6 One with this appeared in "The Desert Song," in general, on everyone's piano at the time. (5)
9 More unrefined businessman, we hear—one sometimes green, especially in England. (7)
10 Proving certain birds have no heart—they come from somewhere in Italy. (7)
11, 12 and 13 A certain bricklayer wasn't fazed by this, especially when one puffed out. (3,3,3,4)
15 Descriptive of the mother of nursery rhyme fame. (Are nine's different?) (Or 10's?) (8)
16 A coif's fashioned for dramatic effect, but doomed to failure. (6)
18 The sort of tax one finds in oil production is sort of a matter of course. (6)
20 How SOS finishes in Morse, and promptly so. (2,3,3)
23, 24 and 25 Being ill, one might, and have a liking for the flower plot, perhaps. (4,2,4,3)
28 Getting the wrong name is a symptom of forgetfulness! (7)
29 The topless type might take you for a ride, as twisted rope can. (4,3)
30 Try writing! (Sounds like South America, seen briefly.) (5)
31 Therefore, orate—in other words, approximately this. (2,2,5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

DOWN

1 and 15 If you are correct concerning what the socially conscious don't like to lose, you are due for a turn in the army. (5,5,4)
2 One of these sounds like 9 might be in store. (7)
3 The other side of the wall might offer the best linear sort. (4,6)
4 Do some use a face lift as a countereffect—as the hungry invading army might be doing? (8)
5 List what might go with the toast—it's difficult to move with one. (6)
6 Possibly near-great composer of "Rule, Britannia"? (4)
7 A single unit with a sour mixture is rather burdensome. (7)
8 Doesn't look behind, obviously, for an order that might come after 15 down. (4,5)
14 When in flight, one might take care of you, but it's a horse's problem. (3,7)
15 See 1 down
17 The way the shuttle goes? After going in, you might get a donut (the twisted type). (2,3,3)
19 The gate, perhaps. Hart without partner has relatives inside, however. (7)
21 In short, one who comes out with a lace design is somewhat like a 16. (7)
22 Look up in the planet—everyone has to cut them sooner or later. (6)
26 A common English name of a variety of deer, found at Kingshead. (5)
27 A descriptive term for a violet—very pale. (4)

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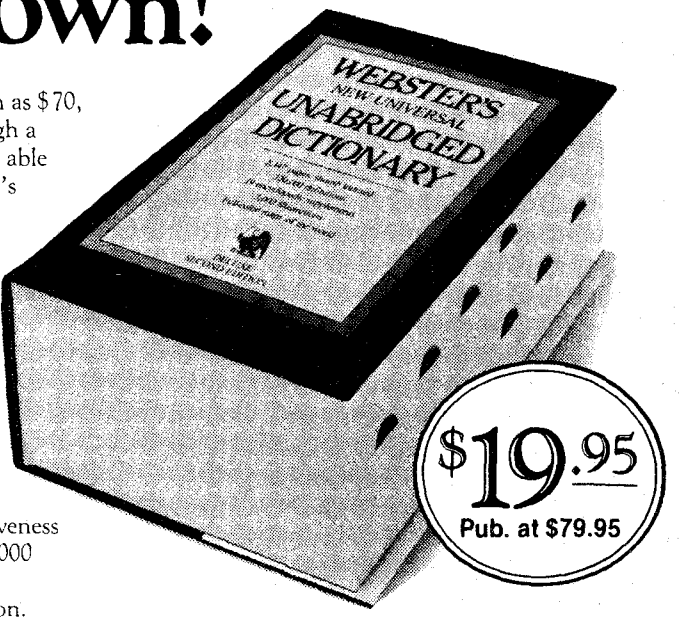

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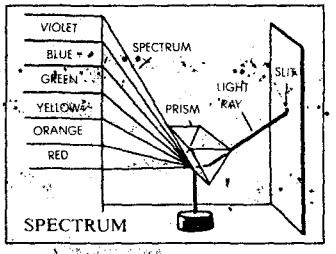

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